THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Election Aftermath

As election week wore on, and ballots were finally counted, progressives had more and more good news to cheer about. Among those who went down to defeat were Fish, Nye, Gillette, Danaher, Holman, Maas, and Day, Johnson, Dewey and Busbey, the last four from Illinois. Davis of Pennsylvania was probably defeated by the soldier vote, not yet fully counted. Add to this list the names of those defeated in or before the primaries—Dies, Costello, Starnes, Reynolds, "Cotton Ed" Smith, the two Clarks of Missouri and Idaho—and the news gets still better. Among the good men reëlected were Wagner, Thomas, Lucas, Downey, Hill, Pepper, Outland and Jerry Voorhis. New faces among those who will be on the progressive side include Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, of California, Mrs. Paul Douglas of Illinois, Wayne Morse of Oregon, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts and Warren Magnuson of Washington. J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas moves from the House to the Senate.

Of course, there is some bitter with the sweet. Mrs. Clare Luce and Robert Taft just barely squeaked through, in Connecticut and Ohio. McMurray and Dilweg were defeated in Wisconsin and Scanlon in Pennsylvania. The vicious anti-union amendments appear to have been carried in Arkansas and Florida. As is pointed out in the article by James Loeb Jr. and in an editorial in this issue, progressives have no reason at all for complacency; the hardest part of our job is just beginning. And yet, it is pleasant to know that when the Seventy-ninth Congress meets, so many old enemies will be absent, so many old and new friends will be on hand.

A Few Sidelights

Predictions, before the election, that Negroes in the North would vote for Dewey appear to have been false. So far as can be judged, Northern Negroes voted for Roosevelt in about the usual proportions. The soldier vote went for the President by 65 to 75 percent, showing that the Republicans were smart, even though immoral, to try to keep as many soldiers as possible from voting. Although Mr. Roosevelt carried the Solid South as usual, his vote there was much smaller than in the past. For this there are at least three reasons: absence of soldiers in the army, where fewer men voted than was the case when they were civilians, migration of Southerners to war plants in the North, where, no doubt, many of them voted for the President, and the defection of conservative Southerners, who either voted for Dewey or stayed home. The Republican vote in Louisiana was the largest since 1876. It was 30 percent larger than Willkie's vote in that state in 1940, although in the nation as a whole Dewey polled fewer votes than Willkie by 1,100,000. This defection in the South would appear to be the only real difference in the Roosevelt vote. If you subtract the war workers and soldiers who either didn't want to vote, weren't allowed to or haven't yet been counted, the President's support outside the Solid South was probably about the same that it was in 1940.

Among the election casualties must be counted Mr. John L. Lewis, who worked desperately among the coal miners on behalf of Dewey. There is no evidence that he succeeded in the slightest degree. Another casualty is the Progressive Party in Wisconsin, which was almost invisible in this election. On the other hand, the

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two new groups in New York, the Liberal and the American Labor Parties, carried the state for Roosevelt, casting more than 800,000 votes between them, more than three times the President's plurality. Tammany knifed the President; apparently all his efforts to appease the Roman Catholic Church have been ineffective, in spite of the harm they have done in relation to Spain and Latin America.

Patton's Push

Capitalizing on the two months' build-up of supply lines across France, accomplished since its magnificent sweep to the Moselle, Lieutenant General George S. Patton's Third Army has opened an offensive toward the Rhine. It is still too early to tell whether this is intended to be the major offensive of the season on the western front, or whether it is simply the largest of the several minor offensives which the Allied Supreme Command may be expected to throw against the hastily reorganized German armies in an effort to find a comparatively soft spot which can be exploited for a drive into the heart of the Reich. Although there is rolling country in Alsace and Lorraine, between Patton and the German border, making the terrain less formidable than that in the Aachen sector, neither of these areas can be considered ideal for modern armies. Unless the season should be exceptionally mild, and consequently muddy, the Westphalian Plain, for which the British are reaching at Arnhem, appears a more likely choice than the Thuringian passes.

The Germans Come Back

The Allies' capacity to build up an overwhelming striking force opposite Westphalia depends, of course, upon the utilization of the port of Antwerp. But the success of any Allied offensive in the west now depends less upon Allied efforts than upon the Germans. The enemy has shown amazing recuperative powers. Two armies which were regarded as effectively destroyed in the Battle of France have been reconstituted and invigorated with enough fresh troops so that they now stand in the line opposite General Eisenhower's impatient legions. Famous divisions have been rebuilt with a leaven of trained reserves and a large quota of men who have had little training and little martial spirit. But they have shouldered arms, and so long as they are in carefully prepared positions, relying mainly upon automatic weapons and previously calculated artillery fire, they can hold up the advance of a vastly superior army. It is probable that the German garrison

The Attackers' Choice

Both the Russian armies in the east and those of the other Allies in the west have superiority in manpower and gunpower over the defenders of the Reich. When weather and supply build-ups permit, they can launch several offensives on each front, simultaneously or in succession, throwing the enemy off balance and leaving him uncertain which is the most serious threat.

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in Metz has been composed of somewhat better-grade troops than the latest call-ups, but in any case their tenacity in the face of a withering attack is remarkable. And so is the new demonstration of the ability of an ancient fortress, given a fair degree of modernization and a determined garrison, to withstand any assault by an army which counts its casualties.

The Insoluble Problem

It seems probable that the Germans have been able to increase the force disposed between the North Sea and the Alps from the 60 divisions present a few weeks ago to about 100. Allowing for the lowered strength of these ersatz divisions, computed at an average of 10,000 men, this gives the enemy 1,000,000 men in the line. Behind this million stand hundreds of thousand of Volkssturm levies, whose value, measured by formal military standards, must be nil. But such a formal measurement would overlook the vital factor of morale, which in some circumstances (especially when adequate weapons are available) can take the place of years of training.

So long as the Wehrmacht and Volkssturm men believe that they are fighting for a cause, regardless of whether Himmler speaks for Hitler or only for Himmler, they can be expected to fight just as stubbornly as the Germans have fought since the breakthrough in France. Even if the only "cause" for which they see themselves fighting is the negative value of avoiding extermination by an enemy who has failed to offer them a glimpse of hopeful future in his plans for postwar Germany, they will fight on. This is not to say that the Germans should have been lured with the bait of a soft peace: it is to say that the United Nations were confronted with a problem in psychological warfare which so far has proved insoluble.

On the Eastern Front

The situation on the various eastern fronts is still analogous to that in the west. The Germans mustered the civilian population of East Prussia, under the lash of the threatened "Bolshevik avalanche," and compelled them to dig fortifications. The result is that the Russians were stopped, after the first momentum of their incursion had been expended, against a system of defenses in depth which could not be immediately subjected to frontal assault. But the Russians had several alternatives, thanks to the length of the front on which they had numerical and material superiority; and it was inevitable that the next period should be devoted to consolidating the gains, bringing up supplies and preparing a plan which would permit of several offensives if necessary, of varying intensity—like the three which General Eisenhower has been pushing in the west.

The speed of the Russian advance in the south carried it almost within sight of Budapest before the Germans and their captive Hungarian satellites could make an effective stand. But in terms of military geography this season, Budapest could not be compared with Aachen or Arnhem, or even with Metz or Warsaw; the southern advance must reach to within sight of Vienna before the analogy would be complete.

Wallace for Secretary of State

We rise to remark, now that the election is over, that Henry Wallace seems to us the superlative good sport of all time. After the rebuff he got at the Democratic Convention, no one could have blamed him if he had sulked in his tent, or at least stayed aloof from the political campaign. Instead, he swung into the electioneering with the utmost vigor. He went wherever he was told to go and spoke several times daily, day after day. Unlike many other campaigners on both sides of the fence, he said not a word, so far as we can discover, that he will now have any reason to regret. He stuck to his principles and worked for the general good, regardless of his personal *amour propre*.

Washington reports say that Mr. Hull, who has long been ailing, will soon retire as Secretary of State. We hereby nominate Henry Wallace for the post. We do so, not merely because this is the only job the President can offer him that is an adequate reward for the service he has rendered, but because we think he is preëminently the best qualified man in the country for the place.

Is Hitler Dead?

Over the week-end of November 12, the whole world was speculating about Hitler. He had made no public appearance for about four months; there were reports that he would speak on Sunday, but instead Himmler read a long speech purporting to come from Hitler, and offering the nonsensical excuse that, although he was not too busy to write this speech, he was unable to take a few minutes more and broadcast it in person. Nazi politics and propaganda are so devious that no one can be sure what is going on. Possibly Hitler is dead, or incapacitated, or a prisoner of Himmler, and the fact is being concealed. Alternatively, he may be alive and well and the Nazi propaganda machine may be creating doubt for its own purposes, possibly in the hope that the German people will be elated and the people of the United Nations correspondingly downcast when the truth is revealed. We certainly hope the reports of Hitler's death or incapacitation prove false. He is a far less competent military leader than the men who would take control if he were removed; his "intuition" has given us some of our outstanding victories. Moreover, there is a primitive but powerful impulse toward justice and retribution that would be better satisfied if Hitler lives to see the ruin of his empire than if he makes the comparatively easy escape

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which death or complete insanity at this point would provide.

V-2

V-2, the second German terror weapon, is ineffective in a military sense but is nevertheless an ugly business. It is even more inaccurate than the robot bomb, and since it buries itself deeply in the ground, its blast effect is not so great. The new weapon is described as a wingless rocket 46 feet long, weighing about 13 tons, 9 of fuel and one of explosives. Fantastic stories are being told about its range, trajectory and speed; but there is no doubt that it rises very high, goes a long way and travels faster than the speed of sound, so that it strikes without warning. On the other hand, it uses up large amounts of labor and expensive materials, and since it strikes practically at random, it is far less effective than the same amount of explosive dropped from an airplane. V-1 and V-2 combined, in their first six months of operation, cannot have done as much damage as is accomplished by any single thousand-plane raid on Germany.

The chief effect of these weapons is undoubtedly political. The British and American people have remained fairly calm in the face of the cold-blooded murder of six or seven million Jews, Russians, Poles and others; but they are deeply aroused by these savage and random weapons employed against civilians, used at a time when everyone in Germany knows that defeat in the war is only a few months away. We have heard a great deal about whether peace terms should be "soft" or "hard." It may be that the Nazis themselves are answering this question by tactics for which the whole German nation, the innocent as well as the guilty, will be made to suffer.

Petrillo Wins

Readers of the daily press would never know that there are two sides to the dispute between the American Federation of Musicians and the companies making recordings, but we recommend that the union side be investigated before the country becomes a victim of frustrated rage on account of the victory of President Caesar Petrillo.

Two basic facts must be obvious to anyone—mechanical musical reproduction has caused heavy inroads into employment for musicians, and the same improvements have been immensely profitable for the great companies which control their use. There is nothing shocking in the proposition that some of the profit ought to be utilized for the encouragement of the musical talents and skill without which we should have no music at all. The demand of the union for a small share of these profits on every record may not be the best way of remedying the situation, but at least it is a natural one.

Mr. Petrillo announces that the proceeds are not to be used for officers' salaries, general union expenses or unemployment benefits, but will be held until something of cultural importance can be done with them. On this point we must wait and see. The real danger is not that the union has broken into the monopolistic profits of the corporations, but that, in view of Mr. Petrillo's autocratic tendencies and dubious methods, neither the musicians nor the music-loving public will have enough to say about the use of the money.

The Kilgore Committee and Cartels

The Kilgore Committee of the United States Senate has performed a distinguished public service in calling attention to the connection between international cartels and Nazism, and demanding the ousting of German cartel magnates in the interest of the democratic world. It is on unassailable ground in recommending that the German industrialists who collaborated with Hitler be deprived of all future control of German—and world—industrial production. On this, perhaps the most important single aspect of the peace, the governments of the United Nations have been strangely silent.

The Kilgore Committee is correct also in recommending the retention of German patents by the United States Government, and licensing their use to anyone for a moderate fee. Its general attitude toward international trade seems to be a realistic one.

On at least one important point, however, it seems to us to depart from the practicable or desirable—that is, its proposal to dismantle German heavy industry and remove it to "devastated regions." The problem of industrial location is not to be disposed of so easily, and Germans as well as others must have employment in the future. Finally, it is not a solution of the tie between cartels and fascism merely to substitute international for German ownership. What about the fascistically inclined owners in other countries?

Surplus Property Disposal

As this is written, the President has stated that he is about to name the members of the Surplus War Property Disposal Board created by Congress last session. There is strong reason to believe that of the three men to be named, two will be Jesse Jones appointees: Sam Husbands, present director of Jones's Defense Plants Corporation, and Colonel Joseph P. Woodlock, now executive assistant to Jones's right-hand man, Will Clayton. The farm and labor leaders and the New Dealers who fought all spring and summer against continuance of the Clayton policies for surplus disposal, which they contended favored the rich and powerful as against the rest of the country, are surprised and angered by this prospect.

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Brentano's Sells It

In The New Republic of November 6, Mr. James Stern reviewed "Crux Ansata," Mr. H. G. Wells's book attacking the Roman Catholic Church. His review recited the many difficulties surrounding the publishing and reviewing of the volume. In the course of his review Mr. Stern said:

> . . . Four months after publication a Brentano salesgirl was not aware of its existence (a copy of it there can be viewed only by trespassing on floor space reserved for the staff) . . .

A representative of Brentano's informs us that, contrary to Mr. Stern's impression, the book is on sale in the religious department, as readily accessible to the public as any other book in that department.

Both The New Republic and Mr. Stern of course acted without any animus and in good faith. It is obvious that no salesgirl could be expected to know instantly all the 25,000 titles Brentano's carries in stock, even though H. G. Wells is no mere run-of-the-mine author. Mr. Stern says that the part of the store where the book was on the shelves seemed to him a secluded area, and that on two other visits he was unable to see the book on the shelves at all. However, both Mr. Stern and The New Republic of course accept Brentano's statement, and apologize for any implication that the book was receiving special adverse treatment.

In Justice to Mr. Dulles

In the special section on "Dewey: The Man and His Record," published with The New Republic of September 25, appeared some comments on Mr. John Foster Dulles, Mr. Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs. Friends of Mr. Dulles have protested some of our statements regarding him, as follows:

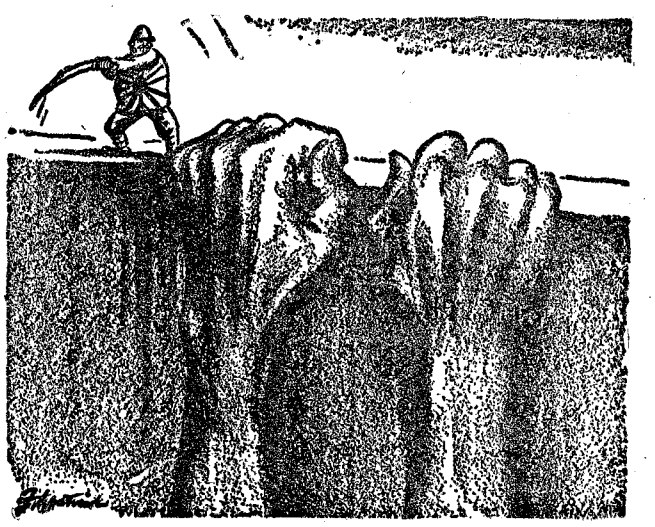
We said that Mr. Dulles "has not yet put forth one specific workable proposal for keeping the peace." It is argued in opposition that in 1939 he published an important book in this field, entitled "War, Peace and Change," and that he has played the leading role in the international program of the Federal Council of Churches and other religious bodies. We are glad to recognize Mr. Dulles' record in this field, but we would point out that it was obvious from the context that we referred in our statement only to the period of the election campaign.

We mentioned Sullivan and Cromwell as "the wealthiest firm with corporation law practice in America" and quoted from Life magazine the statement that Mr. Dulles is "the world's highest-paid lawyer." Obviously we should have said "one of the wealthiest firms" and Life should have similarly qualified its statement.

The New Republic said Sullivan and Cromwell handles the business of several international cartels whose properties have been seized by the Alien Property Custodian; and that one such firm was the Swedish ball-bearing company, SKF. Friends of Mr. Dulles say that these statements, which had previously been published in other periodicals, are incorrect. While it is true that Mr. Dulles was adviser to the Alien Property Custodian, as we stated, we are advised that this was in regard to general principles only, and did not refer in any way to SKF. We are further advised that, contrary to our statement, Mr. Dulles supports the decisions reached at Bretton Woods. We regret and withdraw all these allegations, which of course had been published in good faith.

The Supreme Court and Patent Rights

Writing in The Yale Law Journal, Sergei Zlinkoff calls attention to an important and little noticed trend in decisions recently handed down by the United States Supreme Court. The trend started with the Morton Salt and Carbice cases and culminated in the Sola Electric and Mercoid cases, decided last term. Everyone knows that patent rights are often used as a basis for monopolistic practices; but Mr. Zlinkoff points out that the Supreme Court has been fighting this tendency through its own interpretation of the law. Repeatedly, it has taken a strict view of the rights of the owner of a patent, narrowly defining the scope of the government protection. It has also ruled that patent rights will not be enforced if they conflict with the general anti-trust policy of the government, and this is true even though no specific action under anti-trust laws has been brought against the patentee. Moreover, the holder of a patent who is found guilty of monopolistic practices is left without a remedy, even when his patent rights have actually been infringed. Possibly this policy of the Supreme Court, which has certainly not escaped the notice of the big industrial firms possessing many patents, may help to explain the hue and cry against the Court in recent months.



Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Plight of China

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Mr. Roosevelt and the Future

PROGRESSIVES have a right to congratulate themselves on the election victory, but they should be frank concerning the nature of this achievement. In one important respect the election is like the war. To win both is an absolute requirement for democratic aspirations. Nevertheless, both are fundamentally defensive actions. We have had to win the war in order to repel an almost victorious challenge to modern civilization. Likewise, the winning of the election was a means of protecting the nation and the world against reactionary forces which had made substantial gains in the past eight years. The victory regains most of the ground lost since 1940. It does not represent progress, but is only a minimum condition of the capacity to advance further.

One of the most frequent comments on the action of the majority of the people at the polls is that it is an endorsement of the President's plans for winning the war and establishing an international organization for security afterwards. This is undoubtedly true. But with this observation is usually coupled the statement that the election does not constitute approval of the President's domestic program. This assertion is open to question; certainly it does not reflect the attitude of the wage-earners who exercised the balance of power in the North and the West. Unfortunately, however, it probably does forecast the attitude of Congress, since the Unholy Alliance will undoubtedly vote as a bloc on economic and domestic matters. Too few people realize that the peace can be lost more decisively in this way than it would be if Dumbarton Oaks were thrown completely into the discard.

In order to illustrate this point, let us examine briefly the effect of domestic economic policy in the United States on future coöperation between this country and Great Britain, which is recognized by all as a necessary cornerstone of peace. The British government has given its people a formal pledge that it will be responsible for the maintenance of full employment. This is not an action by a labor or other radical government which may lose power, but one which represents the will of the whole nation and must be carried out by anyone who may hold office. It involves many drastic changes in economic policy. The most prominent of these is the commitment by the government to spend or invest as much as may be necessary to prevent any future depression. But if Britain follows this policy at a time when deflationary influences in the United States are dragging the rest of the world into depression, she must isolate herself, and all the other countries in the sterling bloc at least, from the American economy. This will mean exchange difficulties and bitter rivalry in international trade. Only by following parallel domestic economic policies will Britain and the United States be able to coöperate internationally.

Now let us turn from this international peril to the prospect which faces liberalism in the United States if the present administration does not succeed in avoiding postwar depression and unemployment. Morally, it is as fully committed to these ends in the minds of the American people as is the British government by its more specific declaration. A severe depression occurring under the Roosevelt administration would injure the prestige of progressive democracy as much as the Hoover depression injured the prestige of Republican conservatism. The discontents of hard times would be exploited by those out of power. The forces of wealth which supported the Dewey campaign have immense financial resources and control most of the avenues of publicity. Their recent presidential candidate has demonstrated that they have learned the fascist techniques of propaganda. Under present circumstances, he was unable to do irreparable damage by falsification and the stirring up of racial, religious and class hatreds. But the story might be very different at a time when mass unemployment was prevalent. The President and the progressives who gave him wholehearted support now occupy an extremely exposed position and carry a heavy responsibility. This position is made all the more perilous by the fact that they do not control Congress.

In view of these facts, the progressive forces in the United States cannot regard the situation with complacency. Not for a moment can they rest on their oars. The enemy has been momentarily defeated, but he is still powerful and menacing. Every possible effort must be made to prepare for a smooth reconversion to civilian production when the war is over, and to maintain full employment thereafter. It would be fatal to sacrifice these ends for success in achieving international political organization. The progressive forces in the new Congress must be mobilized to support the right kind of program, and work must begin at once to increase their numbers in 1946. The future of peace and democracy is still at stake, and what is done during the next two years will be of critical importance.

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Post-Election Stock-Taking

No progressive could have listened to the radio a week ago last Tuesday night or read the newspaper reports the following morning without a feeling of jubilation and a profound sense of relief. An added tang to the radio versions of the returns was contributed by the almost audible swallowing of radio commentators Fulton Lewis Jr. and Henry J. Taylor, who did their valiant Republican best to make it appear that the ever increasing electoral landslide was a mere trickle soon to be reversed by the rural votes. Oh, just wait for those rural districts!

Certainly the over-all results added up to an administration victory far more devastating than most of FDR's supporters had dared predict. Not so many days before November 7, Vice President Wallace, in a burst of "optimism," suggested an electoral margin of one hundred. The tidal wave which began with the President's speech before the Teamsters and was carried along by Dewey's blunders, the surprising registration figures from key states and the defection of Republicans Ball, Davenport and Crum was too much for most of the dopesters, although the poll-takers did extremely well in their popular-vote predictions. In state forecasts, the betting commissioners and a few independent journalists proved to be far more accurate with their hunches than the "scientific" polling of Dr. Gallup and the phony analyses of Newsweek, which accepted the judgment of three journalists from each state, incidentally working predominantly for Republican newspapers. Newsweek finally gave FDR an advantage of two electoral votes, with Pennsylvania a complete toss-up. Shades of The Literary Digest!

One of the minor accomplishments of the campaign may prove to be the bursting of the Gallup bubble. Dewey's defeat was no fault of Dr. Gallup, who kept up Republican morale by predicting, on October 27, 202 for FDR, 255 for Dewey, and 70 even. The day before the election, Gallup began to eat crow, giving 292 to the President and 239 to Dewey, and still he missed by 140. Of course, in making these predictions he kept so many feet on so many bases that he will surely have an explanation which will be the neatest trick of post-election week. My grandmother used to have a phrase which seems applicable here: "There ought to be a law against such people!"

The major accomplishments of the campaign, for those who think that Dr. Gallup's defeat does not warrant a wartime election, can be outlined as follows:

The American people, by an overwhelming electoral majority, voiced their confidence in the President's conduct of the war, in his ability to make a lasting peace, and in his program, in so far as it was outlined, to provide jobs in the postwar period. At the same time, and in the same measure, the majority of our people gave a vote of no-confidence in the capacity of the Republican Party, under Dewey's leadership, to accomplish these purposes. Likewise, and no less significantly, the electorate repudiated the appeals to prejudice, the double-talk, the rumor-mongering, the labor-baiting and the general pettiness that marked the last weeks of the Dewey-Bricker campaign.

In the Senate every progressive incumbent was returned for an additional six years: Wagner of New York, Thomas of Utah, Lucas of Illinois and Downey of California, in addition to several who had no serious contests. The only Democratic incumbent defeated was Senator Gillette of Iowa, whom the President tried unsuccessfully to purge in 1938, and who was defeated by conservative Governor Hickenlooper as forecast. On the other hand, the extreme nationalist Gerald Nye of North Dakota, and isolationists Danaher of Connecticut and Davis of Pennsylvania were replaced by Democrats Moses, McMahon and Myers, respectively. Senator Taft got the fight of his life in Ohio from William Pickrel, but eked out a victory by about 25,000 votes out of more than 3,000,000 cast.

In terms of party control the Republicans, assuming a still doubtful Republican victory in Missouri, gained one Senate seat—less than was expected. While Democrats were defeating the three Republican isolationists mentioned, Republicans gained seats previously held by Democrats in Indiana, Missouri and New Jersey, in addition to defeating Gillette in Iowa. Thus the new Senate will include 57 Democrats, 38 Republicans and one Progressive. But this mathematical relationship by no means indicates the changes effected in the Senate. Actually the 35 senatorial races resulted in a net gain for the liberals. In the new Republican delegation at least three first-term men could be classified as Willkie followers: Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Smith of New Jersey and Morse of Oregon. And the Democrats have considerably improved the progressive character of their own delegation. Of the Democratic seats lost, neither Walsh of New Jersey, Clark of Missouri, nor Gillette of Iowa could be classified as liberal. On the other hand, progressive Glen Taylor of Idaho replaces D. Worth Clark, whom he defeated in the primaries, and Magnuson of Washington is likely to be a more consistent liberal, especially in international affairs, than former Senator Bone, in addition to the three great improvements in the Southern primaries, where Smith of South Carolina, Reynolds of North Carolina and Caraway of Arkansas were replaced by Johnston, Hoey and Fulbright, respectively. It should be added that the rather surprising gubernatorial victories won by the Demo-

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crats in Missouri and Washington will make it certain that Democratic Senators will be appointed from those states to replace Senators Truman and Wallgren, the latter having been himself elected Governor.

By all odds the greatest senatorial victory, and the most crucial, was the resounding defeat of isolationism. In only one case did an isolationist replace an internationalist: Capehart in Indiana. Last month in The New Republic this writer indicated that of all incumbents running for reëlection following the primaries, seven could be classified as isolationist and five as doubtful. It was also indicated that if these 12 were reëlected, the next Senate would include 36 men in these two categories, more than enough to block the peace. The defeat of Nye, Danaher, Davis and Gillette, together with the overwhelming electoral margin for the President, Mr. Dewey's espousal of the Dumbarton Oaks agreements and the defeat of so many outstanding House isolationists, make this eventuality unlikely. The country has declared itself emphatically on this issue. We have Roosevelt, not Harding, as chief of state. We have now the greatest chance in our history to lay the foundations of a lasting peace.

Final results of the House elections will not be known until all the soldiers' votes are counted, after December 5. At this writing, it would seem that the Democrats will gain as many as thirty seats. Few administration supporters were willing to predict that much of a gain. Not even a rash of vacancies or adverse by-elections can break the Democratic House control during the next two years. The most dramatic defeats were those of Hamilton Fish of New York and Stephen Day of Illinois. The most surprising, and completely unpredicted, was that of Maas in Minnesota, the most persistent beat-Japan-first heckler in Congress. Less publicized has been the defeat of Busbey of Illinois, the fourth member of the Dies Committee to be eliminated during the campaign. Slightly more than 1,600 votes prevented the defeat of Clare Luce in Connecticut after the brilliant fight put up by Margaret Connors. In this race Norman Thomas may find some slight consolation for having polled the pathetic total of 11,000 votes in New York City, not quite twice those compiled by his chief rival for the presidency, Teichert of the Socialist Labor Party. By teaming up with Mayor McLevy of Bridgeport, Thomas helped to elect Mrs. Luce, since the Socialist congressional candidate in that district won nearly 2,200 votes, almost the margin of Mrs. Luce's victory. As predicted on the basis of previous elections, the chief Democratic gains came in Illinois, Connecticut, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Some four Missouri contests have not yet been decided as this is written. California and New York turned in decisive gains for the administration.

Even more encouraging than the quantity of administration gains is the caliber of many of the men and women who will be added to the progressive side in the next House. Most of the outstanding liberals in the present House have been reëlected, with only a few exceptions. One of the latter is liberal Republican Dan Ellison of Maryland, who was engulfed in the Democratic landslide in Baltimore. It is pertinent to point out that the campaign against Ellison waged by supporters of his successful Democratic opponent, very much resembled the kind of high-minded and principled fight that Governor Bricker carried on nationally. Another liberal victim was Laverne Dilweg of Wisconsin, who was unable to withstand the Dewey strength in the upper part of that state. Howard McMurray, who was defeated in a race for the Senate in Wisconsin, will be missed in the Seventy-ninth House, but his district will be ably represented by Andy Biemiller, who was responsible for Lewis Thill's second successive defeat.

Among the outstanding newcomers are Helen Gahagan Douglas of California, Emily Taft Douglas of Chicago, conqueror of Stephen Day, Mrs. Woodhouse of Connecticut, A. J. Resa of Chicago (who defeated Sewell Avery's friend, Representative Charles S. Dewey), Ellis Patterson of California, and former Representatives Herman Koppelmann of Connecticut, Frank Hook of Michigan and William Thom of Ohio. Together with the liberals reëlected from the present House, these men and women will form a better group of fighting progressives than has been present in any House since the early days of the New Deal, with Maury Maverick, Tom Amlie, Kent Keller, etc. This group will be a distinct minority, but if it can be welded into a fighting bloc it will have an enormous influence in the critical postwar years.

In terms of America's future the most significant gain made in this entire campaign was the beginning of a powerful, progressive people's movement in this country. Primarily this beginning was labor's contribution, specifically the CIO, through its Political Action Committee. This is not just coincidence, since the organized labor movement has always given leadership to similar developments in other lands. No greater tribute could be paid to the effectiveness of the PAC than is now being spread over the pages of the press of the country, reactionary as well as liberal. The tribute is unanimous. Without the PAC the President might have pulled through, but with a far smaller margin and with a much weaker Congress. It may not even be too much to say that the PAC provided the difference between victory and defeat. In any estimate of its work, it must be remembered that the CIO unions themselves did the job, with the direction, the literature and the coördination that the PAC provided. The 1944 elections will be remembered in our history as the year in which the American labor movement came of age politically. It should be added that both the AFL and Rail-

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way Brotherhoods were influenced by the CIO's operation. Despite the bitterness at the top and in some communities, many non-CIO unions were active in this campaign, and effectively so. Even the fight in the New York Federation of Labor over the endorsement of Senator Wagner has had repercussions of real significance.

If the labor movement had stood alone in this fight, few victories would have been won. But the committees that were called together represented almost every phase of American life: artists and scientists, business men, book publishers, independent Republicans. One of the most effective jobs was done by the actors in Hollywood and New York. This writer, who likes to think of himself as a tough intellectual, almost swooned one night in Madison Square Garden when Frank Sinatra talked about the people from his side of the tracks (before he was making more than a million dollars a year) and what this election meant to them. Labor did the big job, but forces were brought into play which, added to labor's strength, could build a progressive movement in this country.

One more organizational accomplishment should be mentioned, even if it was only a New York development. The Liberal Party, in its first election, rolled up 320,000 votes for FDR and surprised even its most enthusiastic supporters. The American Labor Party, with full CIO support for the first time, received 485,000 votes, making a total of more than 800,000 independent votes for the President in this key state. Clearly, the independents will have a substantial weight to throw around in coming municipal, state and federal elections.

One tragic consequence of the elections could result, despite these enormous gains, if the progressive forces should for one moment consider that the political job in America had been completed and that they could therefore rest on their laurels for another two or four years. The job has been successfully started, but only started. This is the moment to exploit that start fully, after calm and realistic appraisal of the political situation as of November 8. Even in this first flush of victory, therefore, it may be in order to risk unpopularity by pointing out a few of the factors that make the victory seem somewhat less than complete or final.

In the first place the great victory in the presidential race was made possible by a combination of circumstances that will not be repeated in subsequent elections. One of these circumstances was FDR's personal prestige, which has been equaled by few men in our political history. Does anyone believe that any other Democrat could have defeated Dewey in this election? And, unless the war, God forbid, continues through 1948, this is the last time the electoral magic of the Roosevelt name will be on the ballot. Furthermore, the overriding issue of this campaign, whether the liberals like it or not, was the war itself. Enough Americans, whatever their political convictions, realized that the cry for change made no sense in the midst of a war that is being successfully conducted. If the war had been concluded some months before the election, it is highly doubtful if even the Roosevelt prestige would have been sufficient for victory. The factor of the war emergency cut across all class and sectional lines. Without it, the relatively narrow popular-vote margin of less than four million might well have evaporated. As has been pointed out before, some of the crucial issues in this campaign could hardly be classified among those fundamental programmatic issues which progressives consider important. Churchill in England could demolish British progressives on the basis of the same issues.

Second, it is shocking to contemplate that, despite the war, despite Dewey's inexperience, despite the low level to which the Republican campaign descended, almost 47 percent of the American electorate endorsed the Republican Old Guard. Actually, contrary to all the talk about the class warfare engendered by the administration, Dewey voters were far more class-conscious than were the Roosevelt supporters. They were willing to subordinate the war effort itself, which even Mr. Dewey could not criticize, to their own economic interests as they understood them. Eliminating the factors of the President's prestige and the war, the enormous Dewey vote represents a basis for a reactionary movement in this country which even the most optimistic New Dealers cannot laugh off.

In the third place, the substantial congressional gains should not blind us to the fact that we still do not have a progressive Congress which will support a New Deal program. Both Senate and House remain under the control of the Unholy Alliance of reactionary Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans. While isolationism received a terrific setback in the Senate, the President's control of that body in international affairs, if control he has, will be made possible by the support he receives from the Southerners. The war and the peace are the overriding issues at the moment, but it may not be far off the mark to predict that domestic policy will take legislative precedence in Congress within the next few years when conversion problems have to be met. Unless public pressure is maintained and intensified, many senatorial conservatives may demand, and receive, a heavy price in domestic policy in return for their approval of the peace settlement.

Prior to the 1942 congressional elections, many liberal commentators maintained, and with justification, that the Seventy-seventh House then sitting was one of the most bitterly reactionary in our history. In that House the division was 267 Democrats, 162 Republicans and six independents, a margin of 105 seats for the Democrats. After that House was elected, the

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Democrats lost more than 50 seats in the 1942 elections and subsequent by-elections, until they reached a low point, in the present House, of a margin of two. Having won back perhaps thirty of these seats, the Democrats will still be considerably weaker than they were in the reactionary Seventy-seventh House. While it is by no means true that all Democrats are liberal and all Republicans die-hard conservatives, there were few districts in these House elections in which the Democratic candidate was no more than the lesser evil. It should be added that if the off-year elections of 1946 follow the trend of 1938 and 1942, the administration may well lose control of the House two years hence unless progressive forces are mobilized in time to reverse that trend.

Finally, it has to be said that the progressives fought hard and successfully to reëlect an administration they had sharply and justifiably criticized in the past, an administration whose State Department has followed an almost consistently reactionary policy in its dealings with the forces emerging from the chaos of Europe, an administration which has as yet put forth no workable program for solving the postwar economic problems in this country and has not even put up a fight for those proposals which have come from its own agencies or congressional supporters, such as the reports of the National Resources Planning Board, the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill and the Kilgore bill. Unless these issues are fought through, the significance of this electoral victory will diminish as the months and years pass.

It is now the obligation of progressives to strengthen their own ranks, to take a far more independent position vis-a-vis the administration than they have taken previously, and to provide such a consistent and constructive pressure from the Left that the President and his administration will be enabled to withstand to some degree the intense pressure which the Right will certainly continue to exert in and out of government circles. Although Governor Dewey was not only wrong but dishonest in ascribing the last depression to the Roosevelt administration, it is nevertheless a political fact that the postwar depression, if that eventuality should come to pass, will be laid at the doorstep of the government we have just elected. If this administration fails to solve the postwar problems in America and a general postwar disillusionment sets in, the demagogues and the hate-mongers will have a field day.

The great danger in the postwar period will lie in the hamstringing of a liberal administration by a conservative Congress. Vice President Wallace has pointed out in an interview in PM that liberalism will face its most serious crisis between 1946 and 1948 and that "everything may hinge on the kind of Congress we elect in 1946." Whatever the President may do to shift the burden of proof to Congress, the administration *is* the government in the eyes of the public. Fascism could result in America far more easily from the failure of a liberal administration than from the failure of a conservative government. In the latter case, the alternative is liberalism. In the former case, the only *ostensible* alternative in the popular view will not be more liberalism, but a complete swing to the Right. It would be hazardous to predict that American democracy could survive a political reaction of that magnitude, given the international repercussions that would inevitably result. The stakes are high. This administration dare not fail. American liberals dare not let it fail.

Programmatic and organizational plans must be worked out by progressives without delay so that a sufficiently mature liberal movement can move ahead to meet the problems of the future. Labor, largely through the CIO, has given the leadership in this campaign, but it would be rash to assume that labor can go it alone in the tougher fights ahead. Non-labor progressives, with labor support, must find the independent leadership, the techniques, the program and the will to build on the foundations already established. Only if this is done will the electoral victory have meaning, to say nothing of the military victory which is being won by the free peoples of the world at such terrific cost in blood, sweat and tears.

JAMES LOEB JR.

Election Night in Sheridan

At eight o'clock on the evening of election day, the moderator locked the front door of the Sheridan town hall. The two vote-checkers, Democratic and Republican, made a final count and signed each other's duplicate tally sheets. There were 292 names on them, including those of nineteen men and women in the armed services, and 258 persons had cast their ballots, or 88 percent of those eligible; it was the largest vote ever recorded in Sheridan.

All day the atmosphere inside the town hall—not half so large as Mrs. Luce's living room—had been that of a big, informal reception. The new minister was there with his pretty wife, greeting members of his flock as they arrived in family groups. Six of the voters were over eighty and one was over ninety; they talked about old times in Sheridan. Nobody talked politics, there being a Connecticut law that forbids electioneering within 75 feet of a polling booth; and anyway, after talking politics for two months, most of them were glad that the arguments were over. "Hello, Minnie," they said, and "How many times did you vote?" and there was a great deal of laughter. A table was spread in the back of the hall, with pies and a big homemade layer cake; the ladies of the Opportunity Club were serving lunch to the twelve election officials. The kitchen door was open and you could smell a big pot of chowder simmering on the stove. Going

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down to vote was almost like paying a Sunday afternoon visit to a French village café.

At eight o'clock, the two checkers, the two ballot clerks, the two box-tenders and the two booth-tenders all rose to their feet; their day was ended and they had each earned $5. One woman, the mother of five grown children, did a stiff-legged jig. Like all the others, except the two booth-tenders, she had been sitting on a hard kitchen chair since six o'clock that morning. An old man in the back of the hall was saying over and over, "But I wanted to vote," and someone else was explaining in a loud voice, "It's too late, Pop. You got here one minute too late."

The moderator took charge of the two padlocked ballot boxes. Old, stained and greasy, they had been fitted with hasps and hinges by a carpenter long since dead. One of them used to hold 500 Remington UMC twelve-gauge shotgun shells; now it held the numbered stubs of the ballots. The other, which now held the ballots themselves, had long ago been filled with Paine's Celery Compound, a Nerve Tonic. "That's what you Democrats are going to need tonight, a bottle of nerve tonic," somebody said, and nudged me. The moderator put one box carefully on top of the other and, walking like a priest bearing the Host, carried them both into the town clerk's office. A little crowd fell in behind him, and I joined it. I had never seen the aftermath of an election, and besides, my wife was one of the Democratic counters.

What I saw in the town clerk's office was a ceremony hedged about with so many laws and restrictions that it might have been handed down by a priesthood from ancient times. Eight persons took seats at a long table: on one side the Republican registrar of voters and two Republican counters; on the other side the Democratic registrar and two counters, while the town clerk sat at the foot of the table and the moderator at the head. "Is everybody ready?" the moderator asked. There was a murmur or grunt of affirmation. Ceremoniously he unlocked what used to be the case of shotgun shells and emptied the numbered stubs in the middle of the table. The four counters arranged them in piles of ten, then counted the piles and the eight remaining stubs. "Two fifty-eight, right," one of them announced.

The stubs were returned to their packing case. Now the Celery Compound box was unlocked and the ballots themselves were emptied on the table. They were counted like the stubs, while a dozen spectators leaned forward to see that every act was properly performed. A little boy opened the door, stared for a moment with bug eyes, and disappeared into the darkness. "Two fifty-eight, right," said one of the counters. "Now open the ballots," the moderator said.

As the counters unfolded each ballot, they pored over it to see that it was properly marked, then placed it in one of three piles: straight Republican, straight Democratic or split ticket. Doubtful ballots were handed over to the moderator for his decision, but only one of them was finally rejected, with no protests. All the ballots were strictly anonymous sheets of paper; not even a handwriting expert could have told who had voted for which candidate.

Now the two piles of straight-party ballots were counted, the Democratic counters taking the Republican pile, which was by far the larger, and the Republican counters taking the Democratic pile. There was a serious look on all the faces. The two piles were exchanged for a recheck, which did not alter the results: 154 straight Republican and 55 straight Democratic votes. The 48 split ballots came next. They too were sorted into three piles according to the vote for President: Dewey, Roosevelt and other. This time Roosevelt got 31 votes and Dewey 14, the figures being added to their previous straight-party figures. There were two votes for Norman Thomas and one write-in vote for Henry A. Wallace. "Two fifty-eight, right," said the town clerk, after including in his count the ballot voided by the moderator and adding up the figures.

The split ballots were sorted into three piles once again, this time according to the vote for Governor. Baldwin led, getting 25 votes as against 17 for Hurley, with four votes for the Socialist candidate. And the process of sorting the split ballots continued for each of the fourteen national, state and local offices at issue in Sheridan. Standing near the table, I could see how some of the ballots were marked and, whatever the result, they seemed to suggest a good deal of soul-searching. Several Republicans had voted for Roosevelt and Truman, but for nobody else on the Democratic ticket. A very few Democrats had voted for Dewey. Some Republicans had voted against Representative Clare Boothe Luce and Senator Danaher; in fact these two, with Dewey himself, ran a dozen votes behind the rest of the ticket. A few members of both parties had split their tickets in order to vote for (or against) one of their neighbors.

By ten o'clock I could prophesy the results of the state and national elections. This actual count of the ballots was far more revealing than the big returns then being announced over the radio, because here I knew what the votes meant. Roosevelt was going to win; if he could poll more than a third of the votes in Sheridan, which has gone Republican by four to one in local contests, he could probably sweep the country. Hurley was going to lose the governorship; he was too far behind the rest of the Democratic ticket. McMahon was running ahead of it and would be our next Senator; there were too many people who disliked Danaher's isolationism. And Clare Luce . . . I guessed wrong about her, after seeing how many Sheridan Republicans had voted for her opponent, but then I hadn't allowed for the big vote she was getting from her neighbors in Greenwich.

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At ten-thirty the officials finished signing their reports on the result of the contests for each of the fourteen offices. The ballots were put back into the box for Celery Compound; the box was then locked and sealed, like the other for shotgun shells, and both were locked away in a closet. "It was a good job on both sides," one official said. "Nobody can say it wasn't right." The town clerk turned out the lights. Like the moderator and the two registrars, he had been working steadily for almost seventeen hours. MALCOLM COWLEY

Journey in America: II

This is the second of a series of articles showing what is being done—and left undone—in various regions of the United States to prepare for the problems of peace. The next cities to be discussed by Mr. Mezerik are New Orleans, Houston and Dallas. – THE EDITORS

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. – Wages are higher now in Birmingham than they have ever been. But they still compare unfavorably with those paid in the North, the differential in the steel mills being 17½ cents per hour, for the same work. Since wages in steel are higher than for any other industry in the state, the differences between North and South are much wider on all other jobs. Like nearly everyone else, I had accepted the idea that the cost of living was considerably lower in the South, and that this was the reason for at least a small differential. The manufacturers in the Birmingham area have not been so credulous. For their own information they conducted an investigation, a copy of which was given me by an official of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, which runs the state. Flatly the report states that it costs more to live in Alabama than it does in the North.

They bolster their conclusions with facts. Practically every essential food is imported from outside; therefore it costs more. Clothing, even work clothes, is not manufactured in Alabama; therefore clothing, too, costs more. Shelter is the only item that costs less in Alabama than it does in the North. The Alabama industrialists add all this up to mean that, on any comparable standard, the cost of living in Alabama is greater than it is in Ohio, Michigan or Pennsylvania. Yet for the year in which these revelations were made, an Alabama worker's income averaged $758, as against the $1,500 which the Northern worker earned. The Alabaman managed to get by only because he ate less, wore poorer clothes for a longer time and lived in a hovel. The report spotlights that depressed level. Birmingham uses 33 percent less butter and 146 percent more oleo than does the average American city. It trims all its food requirements. People eat less and what they do eat is of poorer quality. Alabama workers wear clothes much longer than do Northerners, and "hand-me-downs" pass from one generation to another until finally they are given to the Negro. Decent housing is far out of reach of the average worker.

Those are the manufacturers' conclusions. They point out that the poor farmer's plight is even worse than that of the factory worker. Only because, they remark, the poor farmer's discouragement is so great is he willing to leave the farm. And for all this they place the responsibility on cotton—which is grown to the exclusion of nearly everything else.

I got off at that point, for there is too much evidence to be seen in Birmingham to swallow cotton as the sole reason, although it certainly is a poverty-maker on a vast scale. However, there are other points. Several are in a province in which these manufacturers could really do something about them. An immediate opportunity is symbolized in the statue of Vulcan on the crest of Red Mountain, which casts its shadow over Birmingham. Red Mountain is solid iron ore, a fabulous treasure. It could be the basis of releasing much of the South from its toil and poverty—particularly since Birmingham has the ideal set-up for making steel, with coal and limestone, the other two essentials, nearby.

As far back as the Civil War, Southerners saw the possibilities of Birmingham's resources and started to take coal out of the ground. By 1899, Birmingham was making steel to help with the Spanish-American War. A growing country needed steel. Things were prospering and Southerners were energetic steelmakers, spreading out into foreign markets, capping their success by capturing the juicy contract to make the steel rails for Russia's trans-Siberian railroad. But traditional Southern poverty was the undoing of the steelmakers. Capital was lacking and the panic of 1907 shut off normal and anticipated prospects and profits. The distressed mines and mills presented an opportunity too good for the North to miss. U. S. Steel acquired control of Tennessee Coal and Iron. It has remained ever since to dominate the state.

Big Steel turned its talents toward politics, and the poll tax made control easy. Taxes were low and are kept low, wages even lower. Though it was a steel-company executive who handed me the report on the degradingly low standard of living in Alabama, he was outspokenly against lower wages, which would seem to be a logical solution, for profits are certainly high in Birmingham. Herbert Ryding, past president of Tennessee Coal and Iron and an expert on factory location, gave a talk before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in which he listed the costs of

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transportation of raw and of finished materials and the cost of labor as the three most important factors in determining where a plant shall locate. On all these counts Birmingham is, from the point of view of profits, tops. Yet raising wages is never considered as a solution.

Big Steel and its Birmingham satellites do talk about bringing more industry to Alabama. They even list the products bought here, yet made outside the state. The list of these products is long, almost 225 classifications, including malleable iron castings and machine tools—in this steel center. Equally important, it also includes almost every finished essential to living. The working up of this type of article produces high wages, yet Birmingham confines itself to listing them on paper, for even trace chains, so necessary to every Southern farmer's valued mule, are not made here. How serious the absentee owners are in wanting an expanded industrial development in the South is clear enough in their own operations, for they finish nothing here, but ship the semi-finished material, at low commodity rates, to Pittsburgh, where the goods for the consumer are fabricated. Then they load the South's share back on freight cars. The Birmingham resident who wants to buy those products may have little work in the steel mills, but he has the chore of paying the freight.

Southerners, even though willing to do the work of Big Steel in the legislature and the courts, are frankly bitter about those freight rates. "Paying the freight" didn't get to be an American expression for nothing. Cotton in the bale goes North and South at the same rate. Finish that cotton in the South and the rates jump 10 percent. Make it into oilcloth and it jumps 54 percent, yet cotton grows in the South, where there is always a surplus of labor. Boston shoe companies can ship shoes to Mobile cheaper than nearby Dallas can, though Dallas is next door to the ranges from which the leather comes. On all finished products the North is favored by an average of 37 percent—added to everything the South tries to make and ship. Is it any wonder that the pace of industrialization is so slow? The freight rates, so fatal in the past, loom as the great barrier to peacetime operation of the war-born plants. And it is on this point that not only Alabama but the whole South and West are exercised.

For that part of Alabama which has Southern interests at heart wants the South to utilize their multi-million dollars' worth of newly built war plants. They know the obstacles to success. A former Governor of Alabama told me bitterly, "The pall of absenteeism hangs over Birmingham even heavier than does the smoke of the Northern-owned steel mills." A hard-bitten reactionary, he was clear as a bell about the ills caused by freight rates and Northern ownership. So were labor leaders and the heads of the struggling co-operatives. All want industry to remain and grow. They want Southerners to own and operate the factories. This though they recognize that Southern manufacturers are sometimes even worse taskmasters than are Northern employers. But even the labor leaders are quick to point out that any industrialization marks an upswing in the standard of living for Southern tenant farmers and sharecroppers. They know that benefits to the people are not what the manufacturer has in mind. His main purpose is, understandably, profit. But the changes in the standard of living, even as an indifferent by-product of industrialization, have made a notable difference. When a field hand, a sharecropper or a tenant farmer moves into a mill town to go to work, he literally enters a new world. The wages may seem on a coolie level to more sophisticated workers, but to him they represent a prince's treasure. He can buy things to eat and to wear. The bright streets of the town are an exciting contrast to the monotony of the shack on the farm. There are schools, sometimes even the miracle of plumbing. Doctors can be found.

All this explains, in part, why Southern workers, grateful for these delights handed them by an owner, resisted unionism for so long. They also explain the great improvement in health and education which, in a few years, is visible in their children. Later, when the worker and his family have grown accustomed to the town, the job and the wages, the glitter disappears and a new yardstick, acquired by travel and by conversation with more experienced workers, comes into being. The factory town is, on this closer inspection, a dull, deadening thing; the facilities for education and health horribly inadequate, and the wages too low to maintain energy at the pace required by the driving factory owner. Then comes unionization, a demand for the vote in order to raise the level of public services, a desire to get ahead faster.

This is the cycle of Southern industrialization. Labor leaders know it, as they know the attempts of Northern manufacturers and their apron-string Southern lawyers, bankers, merchants and politicians to hold back the process. Industrialization, the labor leaders say, can defeat the feudalists and bring prosperity, health and education to most of the South. Now or never is the time, for now the war-made tools are becoming available. They may not be again. Farmers and business men reiterate the now or never, though their reasons may differ. Intelligent farmers, realizing that agriculture is basic to the South's economy, see in industrialization a chance to reconstruct agriculture with new methods, new markets and widening ownership. Business men see a chance to make things at a profit and to utilize the wonderful resources of the South.

People, each in their separate spheres, are beginning to realize that all would benefit if Birmingham could, along with the whole South, achieve unity long enough to wrest the prize of the future. Men and women here talk of these things, know of the need, but they do not yet know or trust one another. They will some day.

A. G. MEZERIK

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A Master Plan for New York

Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans: aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram, once recorded, will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing insistency. – DANIEL BURNHAM

A MASTER PLAN is a directive for the progressive development of a region toward its ideal form. Such a plan is possible when, without sudden and violent change of the whole, the buildings and community-functions may be gradually but systematically replaced correctly if they were not correctly placed to begin with or if their places have become outmoded. Such a plan may take two or three decades to mature, while the old structures obsolesce and the new ones are laid down in convenient order. It is worth while for such a long-range plan to aim at a high excellence.

Now the island of Manhattan can aim to be, for the next fifty years, the cultural, business, style and entertainment capital of the world. And by taking advantage, for the first time, of its rivers—hitherto almost preëmpted by commerce and industry—it can become a city of neighborhoods wonderful to live in, as leisurely and comfortable as it is busy and exciting. What is needed for this is a Master Plan. The majority of apartment and commercial buildings in Manhattan are now obsolescent. Therefore any proposed transformation which follows the site and which, without violence, follows the historical trends, can begin at once and be carried through in our generation. "Following historical trends" means emphasizing the location of commercial and residential regions as they have in fact been developing for strong natural reasons, and to regularize these trends by weeding out and zoning.

Our plan is, simply:

1. To extend the business and light industry and all through traffic of Manhattan in a continuous axis up the middle of the island.

2. To remove the through avenues on the sides and develop the land on either side of the axis in park-residential neighborhoods right down to the rivers.

3. And to develop the shores (north of, say, Twenty-third Street) as beaches for bathing, boating and promenade.

To extend the zone of work and all through traffic in a continuous axis up the narrow island, with neighborhoods adjacent on either side, and to put a stop to the tremendous twice-daily flow of uptown-downtown traffic by giving to the majority of Manhattan residents the chance of a home within walking distance of their work.

To clear the shores for the greater part of their 29-mile length and to develop them for sports and residence, recognizing that the river-front in Manhattan proper has diminished in commercial importance and may now be put to another use.

By making the neighborhoods more livable and using the amenities that naturally exist in this wonderful location, we can do away with the necessity of fleeing great distances for recreation, and restore leisure to a place that is notorious for its nervousness.

Historically, we may say that the first general plan of New York was the layout of the gridiron of avenues and streets around 1800, an expedient for land-sale. This gridiron, with its long north-south avenues, gave to Manhattan its famous accessibility and clarity; but there is no doubt that, especially uptown, it did violence to the hillier contours; and of course it has failed to be adequate to the necessities of modern traffic.

The second plan could be considered to be the layout of the parks up the middle of the island, especially Central, Morningside and St. Nicholas Parks. This great scheme of Randall, Vaux, Olmstead and others in the middle of the last century, and so vigilantly defended by public spirit ever since, gave the spreading city a real form; it prevented it from becoming an endless jungle of street after street. Since the rivers were given over to industry, shipping and the railroads, it at least guaranteed that some neighborhoods could face inward on a greenbelt. *We should not for a moment venture to destroy this wonderful stratagem were it not the case that more and more the river-parks have proved their value and more and more the smaller parks have become the most desired neighborhoods for people who can afford them.*

The third major plan, and the first Master Plan so-called, was the proposal of the City Planning Commission under Rexford Tugwell (1941), following after the unofficial New York Regional Plan of the twenties. This plan contained many subplans (for highways, sewers, health facilities, etc.), all based on the key plan showing land use. The proposed use of the land in Manhattan was a reformatory attempt to locate the industries of the island within more limited boundaries downtown and to develop them in several new belts uptown. The subplans were accepted, the key plan was rejected, and the result is that, contrary to its charter, the greatest city in the world has no master plan.[1]

[1] Section 197 of the New York Charter instructs the City Planning Commission to prepare a Master Plan which will show "desirable features, changes and additions—and afford adequate facilities for the housing, transportation, comfort, convenience, health and welfare" of the people.

"A Master Plan can only be conceived and developed by first striving for the most comprehensive view and clearest understanding of the city, of its chief reasons for existence, its main function

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Manhattan Island, viewed as a whole, now exhibits the following anomalies: Ordinarily we should expect a town on an important body of water to open out toward the water for both industry and amenity; perhaps to be terraced toward it. In Manhattan, for unfortunate reasons, the people face inward, except that around much of the island there is an apartment-house cliff, so that the form of the whole is more like a bowl than a terrace. The apartments overlooking the Hudson and the East Rivers are tall because the view is desirable and the rents are high; but all others are cut off from the same amenity. Yet even the river-view dwellers have only a view but no close contact, for they are separated from the water by an obsolete railroad and an increasing number of elaborate highways.

In a deeper sense, these peripheral highways were not designed primarily for the residents of the city itself, but, like several other works of engineering of the past decade, for commuters outside the city, who choose, and can afford, to live in Westchester or on Long Island. Such means cannot solve the traffic problems of a great city! *So long as three million people enter downtown Manhattan every day and swell the downtown population from 360,000 to nearly four millions, and retreat again as evening falls, there will be traffic congestion and sardine-tin subways.*

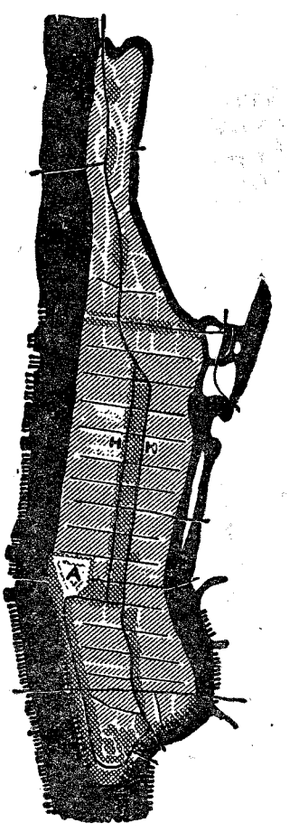
To build more escape-highways or new subways only invites still more persons away from the center to crowd back into it during the hours of business. And vice versa, so long as the chief facilities for recreation are thrown into the periphery, at Coney Island, Van Cortlandt Park, Jones Beach, etc., the majority are forced to commute in the other direction and pay for a few hours of recreation with two long hours of travel.

In general, the proper solution for problems of transit is to cut down the number of trips. And this can be done only by bringing work, residence and recreation closer together. In a place like Manhattan this cannot be done by piecemeal planning; but fortunately, as we have shown, the natural site and many important historical trends, and the rapid rate of replacement, make major planning entirely feasible.

The Parts of the Physical Plan

Acreage and Density. – Manhattan Island is not crowded. At present it has a theoretical residential density of 200 to the acre (about 9,000 residential acres to 1,900,000 persons). And if this density fails to allow for spacious, green, livable neighborhoods, the fault lies not in the numbers but in the layout.

In the first place, correct layout would enormously increase the available residential acreage. For instance, the gridiron of streets and avenues at present uses up 27.4 percent of the total area of the island. By rationalizing the system of avenues into two multi-level through highways up the axis, and by closing off at least every other one of the neighborhood streets and providing for merely local neighborhood traffic, this figure could be cut in half. And if we look at the present blocks of buildings themselves—small, helter-skelter, honeycombed with vent shafts outside and with repeating stairwells inside—we can see that for the same density, a weeding out and more rational new construction would add a tremendous increment of available open space.



Manhattan Island, as the Goodman Brothers propose to alter it. Up the center of the island runs a narrow strip of business and industrial buildings, shown here by cross-hatching. On either side of it are north-and-south arterial highways. Toward both rivers are residential areas and parks, and the river banks themselves, in most parts of town, would be given over to recreation.

Let us maintain the existing density of 200 to the acre. What does this figure mean in terms of living? It is certainly not a place of private houses and little gardens (45 to the acre); but Manhattanites do not require these in any case; for those who choose the cosmopolitan way of life are manning, and supporting by their rent, a center of world culture and world affairs, and they enjoy the advantages and monuments of such a center. Yet it is a place where, if people lived in tall buildings (15 stories), every room would face

in the larger scheme of things; of what facilities are needed to perform these functions—and finally, how the whole can be integrated, unified and stabilized, and yet provide for further growth and orderly changes, which cannot be foreseen. . . . Actual sanction reposes in the understanding of the Master Plan by the citizens of New York. It can be as good and effective as they care to make it." – CITY PLANNING COMMISSION, 1940.

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on a Madison or Washington Square; and where, if they lived in a combination of tall and low buildings (three stories) on every other street, there would be room for a football field!

The Zone of Industry and Commerce. – The economy of Manhattan comprises: the light manufacture of consumers' goods and small machined parts; shipping and moderately heavy warehousing; business management and finance; retailing and display; ideas, styles, entertainment. *It is an economy of relatively small shops whose materials are brought and whose products are carted away by truck.* There is no heavy industry to speak of. During peacetime the volume of heavy shipping was sharply falling off, and the war has shown that the present docks are three or four times too large for peacetime demands.

Nothing therefore stands in the way of extending this economy up the entire island. Already in the Tugwell plan, following the actual trends, isolated new commercial districts were recommended uptown. We propose simply to unite these in a continuous belt served by continuous highways, and to relocate uptown not only business but places of light manufacture (*e. g.*, the garment industry). But the advantages of doing this are extraordinary; for it means that many hundreds of thousands of workers, instead of traveling the whole length of the island twice a day, could now live in the neighborhoods next to their work.

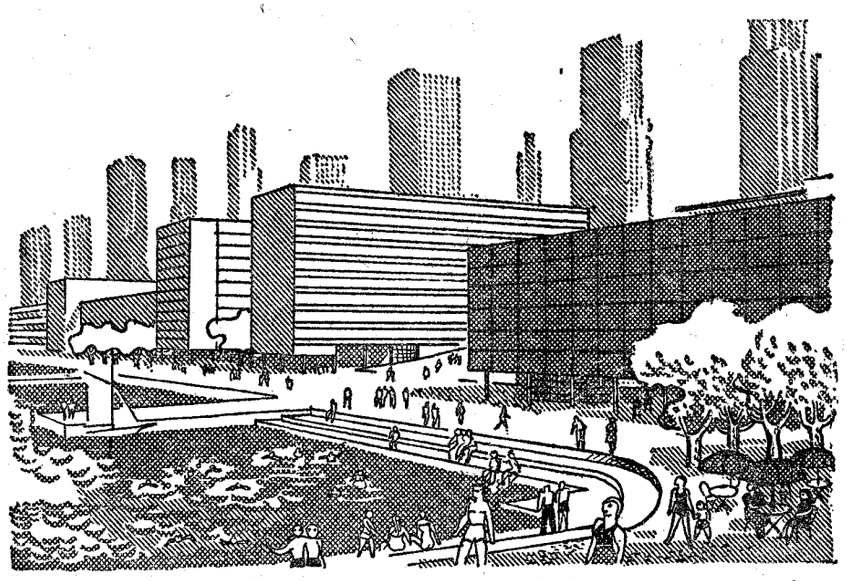
Up and down this great Main Street, the different kinds of industry would find their own zones. It is reasonable to assume that Midtown, the site of the great terminals and therefore of the great hotels, would continue to be the entertainment, style and idea center; and that business and finance would cluster in its cliffs around Wall Street. The ships and warehouses must occupy the downtown shores. (Therefore we provide in Greenwich Village a downtown residential neighborhood in the center rather than on the shore.) But the great mass of business and manufacture that now sporadically mars the whole breath of Manhattan could find its place anywhere from north to south between the highways.

Airport. – To provide for air transport, of persons and commodities, is perhaps the thorniest problem in all cosmopolitan planning. No existent city is adapted for the large landing fields and the noise of an airport. The expedient up to now has been to locate the airport on the outskirts—requiring an hour's travel for a trip that itself may last only an hour. The airport must somehow be brought near the center. But the rapid evolution of air technique makes it again difficult to know what kind and how large a space can be allotted. A number of modern plans provide for helicopter landings on the roofs of large buildings.

As a tentative proposal, we have chosen an area on the Hudson River from Forty-second to Twenty-third Streets. The river provides an open space for maneuvering. Immediately accessible on one side is the midtown section of the terminals and hotels; and on the other side the zone of shipping and warehousing. The airport itself is conceived as the roof of an enormous warehouse shed.

Residential Neighborhoods and the Use of the Rivers. – We come now to the residential neighborhoods themselves, extending on either side of the axis right down to the Hudson, East and Harlem Rivers; served by regular cross highways to the main highways, but without any through traffic.

These neighborhoods must be thought of not as places accessible to parks, but as parks in themselves—for the formal parks of Manhattan are being sacrificed to them. As our discussion of density has shown, it is not important whether the houses are high or low; obviously there should be a combination of both. But their layout must be such as to be in a park, and, where possible, to face toward the water, to be terraced toward the water. The rivers, the park and the habitations must be a continuous visual and ambulatory experience. *The urban park must not be a place of escape but a place in which to live.*



A typical view of Manhattan as the Goodman Brothers propose to reorganize it. This is a scene along the East River, with facilities for boating, bathing and other types of recreation. Business buildings would be confined to a narrow spine running north and south up the center of the island, near two great arterial highways.

It is to be hoped that such neighborhoods, where people

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feel they live rather than merely sleep, would develop sharp local peculiarities. For instance (if we may propose something that will make many people's hair stand on end), let certain great masterpieces of art be *decentralized* from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and placed in neighborhood post offices and churches, or a world-famous statue on a fountain; then the neighbors might get to live with these in a rather closer way, and art lovers have to seek them out in parts of our city that they would otherwise never visit.

Except for a few spots where the currents are dangerous, Manhattan's rivers are ideal for swimming and boating. (The job of cleaning them up has already begun and is on the postwar agenda.) Let them finally be used by everybody, as they are now by the venturesome boys. Visitors to Chicago or Rio, for instance, know what it means to have a great sweep of water for bathing at the foot of every street, and Manhattan has twice and three times as much shore-front per person.

To make a bathing resort of residential Manhattan Island is a grandiose project; but it is not nearly so grandiose as for tens of thousands to go off on every hot day to places 10 to 50 miles away from their homes.

The Idea of Manhattan. – This plan for Manhattan Island is not a plan for the New York region. Most often, to make such an isolated plan is ruinous; but Manhattan has a peculiar role not only in the New York region but in the world (which is the true region of our cosmopolis). Its problems, and its advantages, are not those of its surroundings.

In general, the great urban communities of America would be better if they were smaller in size; if they had a closer and less parasitic dependence on the surrounding agriculture; if their manufactures sprang more directly from their regional resources. This rule, we say, applies to other cities. Yet there is no need to defend Manhattan Island; she has her own rule; there is no need to praise her, though we who are her sons are often betrayed into doing so. She has long been the capital not of a region but of a nation; and it is curious that this came about. For it was as a center through which produce passed and was processed that New York first became great. Yet now the material shipments more and more go elsewhere, and the manufactures are only light manufactures; but Manhattan is greater still. Within ten years she has become the intellectual and artistic capital of the world—for all Europe has come here. She is the foster-parent of lasting ideas and temporary fashions; of entertainments and of industrial plans that often go elsewhere to get their tangible body, but their spirit has something in it of Manhattan. That is, of the seaport and its mixed races, and the politically subtle workers in light industry, the mass-entertainers and the free artists.

Surely we people of Manhattan do not set as our ideal (if we could afford it) to live in a suburb. But to live as a matter of course in our own place, the most elegant and unhurried on earth.

Feasibility

This plan is physically, economically and socially feasible and advantageous.

1. In the interest of the shore neighborhoods, we diminish the waterfront available for shipping and remove the Hudson River tracks. But the tracks have long been moribund, and peacetime shipping was progressively being reduced.

2. Important progress toward the completion of the plan could begin immediately after the war (as part of the billion-dollar six-year budget). It is estimated that from 75 to 80 percent of the buildings on Manhattan are over-age and there will be vast reconstruction on any plan whatsoever. But the city's largest and newest buildings do fall in the zones here proposed (*e. g.*, Rockefeller Center, the Empire State Building, the downtown skyscrapers, the great hotels, etc.).

3. The giving up of the parks in the central axis provides an enormous reservoir of land to exchange for the commercial and industrial property now located in the future residential parks. As these business sites progressively obsolesce and are condemned, space can be allotted to them in the large buildings in the main axis; therefore the transition can be made with a minimum of hardship. Further, the money value of a square foot of land along the central Main Street would be at least five times that in the scattered sites to be condemned; and this would provide a great fund to carry out the plan. The amount of land available for exchange in the new Main Street zone comes close to 1,500 acres, valued at business-center prices.

4. "If it were possible to translate into dollars the time consumed by workers in excess travel, the result would be startling. At least one million persons spend two hours a day going to and from work in New York. At 50 cents an hour, this becomes a million dollars a day or $312 million a year. This is three percent of $10 billion, which would pay for rebuilding large sections of New York City without calculating revenues from rents." – Cleveland Rogers.

5. The political and legal opposition to this plan is the same as that to any other master plan. Long-range and large-scale zoning involves the destruction of speculation in land values. Those who rely for their profits not on rents but on speculation, have contrived to veto even the modest proposals of the Tugwell plan. But it seems to us that the proposal here made is at once so arresting and so simple, so grounded in the site and the history of the city and in the experience of its citizens, that it can arouse the public enthusiasm necessary to overcome this opposition, and end the anomaly of the greatest city in the world having no master plan at all.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN and PAUL GOODMAN

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Washington Notes

The Shape of Things to Come

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT had better use his international election mandate quick, while he has it. Indications are that he will. The prospects are: There will be an immediate Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin meeting, the urgency for which is increasing. Besides war strategy, the major issues are agreement on world security, Iranian oil and treatment of postwar Germany. There are dozens of other problems too, China, air transport, a new Anglo-Soviet Balkan agreement, to name only a few. Then will come the call for the full United Nations meeting on postwar security, the sequel to Dumbarton Oaks. The next step will be the crucial one of submitting a master treaty to the Senate, taking the United States formally into a new security organization, with details of armed force to be worked out later. This treaty will require Senate ratification by a constitutional two-thirds majority. If the President leads the country successfully thus far, the final step will be submission to Congress, for majority ratification by both houses, of the terms on which we supply armed force to the new world security organization. Success on all four of these steps means membership in League of Nations No. 2.

Just to name these steps shows their hazards. But nothing is to be gained by waiting. Mr. Roosevelt has a positive election mandate against isolationism. The opposition has temporarily gone underground. The mood is better now than it will be after the armistice, when post-election apathy has set in. The time to get what we are fighting for is while we are fighting. Mr. Roosevelt produced the bold Supreme Court plan after the 1936 victory; present indications here are that no time will be lost in what can only be a spectacular struggle to have the United States join a world organization.

Who is this Roosevelt, now facing a fourth term? He is older, shrewder, more experienced. He has the best radio voice in America; he has the human touch. He is willing to compromise, work with bosses, cut constitutional corners (like Lincoln), but he holds obstinately to original ends. In every move he shows himself conscious of history. But he knows this term is his last. He is good for four more years, but he has slowed up physically and is surrounded by an aging cabinet. He likes sympathy, holds to old friends at great cost, finds criticism less easy to take. In program his eyes are on world, not domestic, problems. He knows his election mandate still leaves him vulnerable to a conservative coalition in both houses. He will be reluctant to dissipate his war support for domestic reforms, no matter what the liberals or his own inclinations urge. Undoubtedly a great man, he shows a great man's reluctance to nourish a successor. He did not want to run for a fourth term; he has set his goal on achieving what Wilson failed to do. If he succeeds he will be placed among the great ones of history.

The new Senate is like a carpet one-third of which has been sent to the cleaners. The old part is scuffed, drab, dull. The new is startlingly fresh and changed. In the cleansed third were 14 of the 32 Senators who voted against the original Lend-Lease Act. In January only 5 of them will be back! And some of the isolationists who come back have had a great scare, like McCarran and Taft. Taft has shown a slow growth toward internationalism and is now almost up to where his father was, 25 years ago. All over the country, where the symbol of isolationism was strong enough, the voters knocked it off—Nye, Fish, Lyons and so on. The electorate also showed a commendable partiality for splitting tickets, which is a sign of political sophistication.

One should not be tempted, however, into over-optimism. They still hate Roosevelt. The opposition is there, biding its time, with a savage determination to show "that man" up. They must vindicate the virulence of the campaign retroactively. Isolationists have gained Homer Capehart, and two-thirds of the Senate "carpet" wasn't cleaned. On the international issue I still think the outcome is a toss-up.

After the isolationists, American newspapers took the worst licking. They participated in a remarkable campaign. Selling Dewey was organized like a campaign to sell soap. A slogan was created, "It's time for a change." Papers with 68.5 percent of the nation's circulation backed Dewey. Periodicals like Life, The Saturday Evening Post and others shaded the facts for the patented, packaged, GOP product. Radio commentators like Fulton Lewis Jr. went from state to state, everywhere discovering an unmistakable "trend." Phony polls were treated with respect, like that of egregious Emil Hurja, hired man of Joe Pew. And when it was all over—no soap.

Looked at as advertising, I think the trouble was that the GOP ran down its competitor too much instead of building up its own product. Another difficulty was that they were battling one of the most astute campaigners in history who, after making Dewey lose his head by the Teamsters speech, kept his own and sounded a note of restraint and idealism which the voters wanted.

Notes: Dewey's political future is probably now behind him; some idealists hope the GOP will pick a liberal like Stassen in '48, but it is more likely to choose somebody like good, able, dull Saltonstall of Massachusetts. . . . LaFollette progressivism seems moribund in Wisconsin, with only six percent of the popular vote; young Bob, who may lead the anti-treaty fight in the Senate, comes up for reëlection in 1946. . . . Primaries, retirement and the election caused 50-percent casualties in the eight-man Dies Committee, Illinois' Fred Busbey (R) now following Dies, Starnes and Costello; the committee looks like a dead duck. . . . The special House committee to investigate the Montgomery Ward seizure is a goner, too; its Illinois organizer, Charles S. Dewey (R), went down with Sewell Avery's banner. . . . Clare Luce would almost, but not quite, have been defeated if Socialist Stanley Mayhew's 2,000-odd votes had gone to Margaret Connors. . . . The Supreme Court will promptly throw out Florida and Arkansas anti-closed-shop ordinances. . . . John L. Lewis failed to swing coal districts to Dewey. . . . For my money, Thomas L. Stokes did the best reporting job of the campaign. He called the turn courageously despite Roy Howard, and is a fit successor to Ray Clapper. . . . Dewey's new telephone number: Roosevelt 1-000.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Fanciful Pieces

Harvey, by Mary Chase. Forty-eighth Street Theatre, November 1, 1944.
Sleep, My Pretty One, by Charlcie and Oliver Garrett. The Playhouse, November 2, 1944.

IT WOULD SURPRISE many people that Miss Pauline Lord's drama about a neurotic mother and son, a family poisoned by its strong maternal head, should be spoken of alongside Mr. Frank Fay's comedy about an imaginary rabbit. But curiously enough, the best way to place the first of these plays is to examine it in the light of the other.

"Harvey" is frankly for happy theatre fun. Mr. Burton Rascoe of The New York World-Telegram says in his review that it is hilarious, cockeyed common sense, which is true. He says that it is an amiable lush's dream of a perfect world; a boozy acceptance of reality without complaint, without bitterness, without envy, hatred or ill feeling; an acute and penetrating criticism of all too proper and responsible conduct; and that we have here a piece hard to explain as to what it is about. This is all more than casually true. And it is equally true that as fantastic invention the play is highly unequal. The first moments are dragging; the themes are nowhere as brightly scored as might be possible, remembering always the danger of spoiling that light, loving and elusive glint that is necessary to the success of such a stage fantasy.

Mr. Frank Fay loves his rabbit companion; and Miss Josephine Hull, his culture-lady sister, not being able to see Harvey, thinks her brother should be committed to Chumley's Rest for a cure. Chumley's Rest seethes and writhes with sex, et cetera (it could easily be turned into the gropings of intellectual Freudian depths, if the author chose to be heavy). But in the end everybody repents and the sweet Frank Fay nut is left to make others happy, without having taken the cure. Mr. Fay plays all this to perfection; Miss Hull does her role to the very hilt. Meantime there is a good deal of wit and satire running in and out of the scenes. And even at that, a great deal more is implicit in them, and might be accomplished with joy and civilized lightness, without being heavy at all.

"Sleep, My Pretty One," on the other hand, chooses to be quite heavy—sad cake, as the cooks used to say when the batter sank and stuck together and wet itself all through. Playwriting like this is a dead giveaway of the famed Ibsen school. Not a giveaway of Ibsen himself, who was the real thing, stung with the true god, holding the prophetic torch. But of his followers in London and New York: Pinero, Eugene Walter, Scarbrough and the devil knows who else, plenty of them. Mostly faking, all their work with an eye on Ibsen and the box-office trickily combined. Adding Ibsen to the Broadway brain is like leading children on to pretending a hanging and battle, or turning simple afternoon culture groups into an imitation of the Continent and Continental isms.

Hokum is all right for the theatre; since true theatre, if you choose to say it so, is only elevated or sublimated hokum, a grand and compelling projection of the matter to be conveyed and thus made into a passionate dream and essence. But the taste for the Ibsen imitation hokum, false and empty sour stuff, and nonsense at that, is by now exploded or worn thin. (For that matter we are almost through with the vulgar or cheap qualities of a George Kaufman theatre—though we must remember his earlier virtues and sure box-office insights—and there is a growing number of people who know that Noel Coward is often on an English parlor-maid plane, as well as being exhibitionistic, obvious, house-party and loudly facile.) Nevertheless, the fact remains that only the frankest nerve-racking and suspense could make acceptable this play of the terrific mother that Miss Lord is given to do. Otherwise we should ask more brains, more intensity, more sense of moral and social conviction. And from a play like this we should ask, if we any longer had any hope of such a thing, better writing, words that are alive and beating like a heart, that are burning, that are quick as opposed to the dead. And we should ask the contagious rhythm of a true language use—this wonderful English tongue with which our theatre is so blessed. Such stuff as "Sleep, My Pretty One" is only a form of dramatic teasing, lower even than Galsworthy, who, by the way, was never the playwright that such a player as Miss Lord could have made him seem. In this dismal and semi-fake possibility at the Playhouse there is always the possibility of that marvelous technical skill of hers, the dazzling certainty of her magnetic projection. Miss Pauline Lord is beautiful in her dark, infinite suggestion, complete in a technical rightness, one of the marvels of our wasteful theatre today.

STARK YOUNG

Like a Rock Cast in the Sea

DINNERWARE has never been discussed very thoroughly by The New Republic, but during the past several years the tableware designed by Russel Wright has threatened to become so much of an American institution and so painful a one to look at and use that I think the subject should be reviewed at least this once. One of the facts that is keeping this pottery dinnerware from becoming more of a fixture in American homes than it is now, is that the customers' demand for it seems always to be bigger than the department stores' supply of it. Mr. Wright's dishes and cups, which are so commendably low-priced that they can be bought by almost anybody (the dinner plates cost 60 cents, the cups 40, the saucers 20), were practically sold out in the department stores and the furniture store I visited and the clerks at all these places told me it would take months to fill an order for even half a set. At Macy's both men and women were almost fighting for the few odds and ends there were.

You can spot Wright's "American Modern Dinnerware" without much trouble by its qualities of steeliness, nudity, hammerlike statement and chi-chi color (granite-gray, chartreuse-curry) that have become trademarks of modernism mainly through an untalented use of certain design principles. As I see it, one of those principles is that of simplification, which discards any elements that are extraneous to the beauty and the functioning of a form. But Wright's dishes discard or make lean so many elements that are needed to make an object a living part of this

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world that they seem to have been made on another planet —a much colder one. If you can imagine a leaf, for example, perfectly symmetrical, metallic and static, with little surface pattern and no eccentricity, you will have some idea of the ghostly aspect of Wright's cups and plates. The work also has an incredible hardness, which probably results from the misuse of other principles besides simplification, but it must surely abuse the one that supposes a beautiful form is a living, self-contained unit. Wright's forms are generally unified, but they are also static and cut off from the outside by their too-closed, inhuman nature. As for the principle that a form should be comfortably and efficiently usable, Wright's forms are dramatically and grimly shaped for their purposes as platters, containers or pouring instruments. But they have no communication with the air and color around them, and they resist you like the heart in the "St. Louis Blues."

Mr. Wright's work, which also includes furniture, "Stove to Table Ware," stage designing and a plan for developing and popularizing American arts and crafts called "American-Way," usually falls prey to a common fault in modern design, where all the elements of the object are exactly equal and cancel out. Every detail in a Wright shape is played with exactly equal, jolting force; the condition of any of these details at any of their points is always exactly the same; there is no give and take in the relationships (which, when it does exist, makes an object always involved in a movement and in restating itself and so makes it seem new every time you see it).

Mr. Wright's articles are streamlined and formed so theatrically for function that you might think they work as efficiently and handle as comfortably as carpenters' tools. But actually they work only a little better than they look. Their main functional trouble is similar to the one for their decorative unpleasantness—they seem to isolate themselves from everything except the table; their design is so unbuoyant and ground-gripping that they seem glued to the table. You feel this, as well as their general lack of friendliness, when you try to lift them. The dinner plate, which is completely flat and rather large as plates go, seems immense because of these facts, and never more so than when it is filled with food. At that time it leaves the food embarrassingly exposed and makes you feel like King Henry VIII. On the other hand, the cup (an object inevitably difficult to design either for function or looks because of the handle) seems terribly small; the handle, which is pugnaciously formed despite its smallness, doesn't fit your fingers at all, the sides resist heat poorly and, because they turn inward like fat parentheses, it is hard to drink from the cup cleanly. Probably the most successful form is the soup bowl, called the "lug soup"; it has an outgoing handle which makes it easy to pick up; however, it is no less merciless-looking than the other pieces.

Wright's dishes are obviously no worse than a great amount of others, especially the modern kind which seems to be made either in Ohio or California, where they make a gayer article than Wright's—not a hard thing to do. There is a lot of serious craftsmanship involved in Wright's work, but I don't think the limitations in design are the result of the attempt to make it cheaply. An occasional dish or bracelet or glass turns up at a dime store that is really beautiful.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Therefore, I now propose to you, as one of the Lone Star State's ablest Governors, who has perceived and understood the handwriting on the wall, and to every Texan as well as those who have come to Texas to become permanent residents, that if the New Deal is reëlected to a fourth term the state of Texas secede from the Union and again become a republic, thereby assuring our freedom, perpetuation of private enterprise, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. – *From a letter by Burt C. Blanton, printed in The Dallas Morning News.*

In urging the election of Dr. Bennion, the Maine Senator said that Senator Thomas [of Utah] was a man of learning and sincerity but, for that very reason, "he was all the more dangerous to the American way of life." – *Senator Ralph O. Brewster of Maine, speaking at a meeting of Republicans in Salt Lake City, as quoted in The Deseret News.*

. . . He [Billingsley] insists on good manners in his club. If a customer starts a fist fight, he or she is ousted and never allowed to return. – *From "Life Visits the Stork Club" in Life.*

Now Is the Time, etc.

The Pennsylvania nonpartisan committee of Funeral Directors sent a form letter today to undertakers throughout the state asking the support of the Dewey-Bricker ticket. – *AP dispatch from Philadelphia.*

Postwar Planning?

KNIGHT OF THE KU KLUX KLAN – Sells for $2; salesmen should average $30 weekly at 50 percent commission; a year's work here; send name, address, phone. PO Box 1471. Atlanta. – *Classified advertisement in The Atlanta Journal.*

A Man in a Million

One of the most overwhelming convictions held by Pope Pius XII is a belief in the desirability of peace. – *Herbert L. Matthews in the New York Times Sunday Magazine.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Polls and the Election

SIR: Four years ago I got out a letter to a number of my clients and several personal friends explaining my position on the election prediction for that year. Since there are considerably more imponderables this year, I think another letter is in order.

As you know, I think the prediction of elections is a socially useless function. Marketing research and public-opinion research have demonstrated that they are accurate enough for all possible commercial purposes and all possible sociological purposes. I think their proper function is to explore the areas of ignorance so that our educators and thought leaders will know what kind of education to prepare for what kind of people, and having to do with the various phases of life that are concerned with self-government. I think they can also make the common man articulate and I think it is a good idea to have him articulate even when he is wrong. I think that in the field of industry

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they can reduce distribution costs by helping manufacturers to know better what kinds of things people would like to buy, thus preventing expensive mistakes, the costs of which must be borne by the salable merchandise.

But apparently those of us who have stuck our necks out in election predictions are expected to keep on doing so—and this year is no exception. I am torn between two desires; one desire is to give a blunt straightforward unequivocal prediction which can't possibly be misunderstood. The other desire is to try to protect from harm this infant science of marketing and public-opinion research which is accurate enough for so many socially useful functions but could be inaccurate in predicting elections, particularly in a year like this. . . .

Speaking solely for myself, I am willing to guess that whatever apathy there is in the Roosevelt ranks; whatever overconfidence there may be in those ranks; whatever failure there may be on the part of women to vote; however many of the migratory voters did not register—all will be offset in the aggregate by a certain amount of apathy in the Republican ranks and by the soldier vote. Believing this, I can only offer as my opinion that the imponderables will offset each other and that Mr. Roosevelt will be reëlected. Our final survey put his popular vote at 53.6 percent of the total, and if that should happen to be the exact figure, it ought to provide a "comfortable" electoral-college majority.

If this should prove wrong, I don't care how much you say I am a bad interpreter of my own figures or a bad guesser as to the imponderables, but I do hope you will not be inclined to discredit a tool—marketing research—which can be of tremendous value, not only to industry, but to our American democracy.

New York City ELMO ROPER

[This letter was written the day before the election. Three days after the election, Mr. Roosevelt's proportion of the vote was 53.4, with many of the soldier ballots not yet counted. It looked as though, with these votes added, Mr. Roper's prediction might turn out to be miraculously accurate. – THE EDITORS]

For Letters of Hendrik van Loon

SIR: People are continually asking me, "When are you going to publish a collection of your husband's letters?" And then they frequently add, "I have one he wrote me in 19— which certainly should be included."

I intend to publish a collection of his letters as soon as I can get one together. Unfortunately—or rather I should say fortunately—we were together so much of the time that I personally have very few letters from him. And so I am making this appeal to all the many friends of Henrik Willem van Loon who have received and kept letters from him to lend them to me for the purposes of this book.

Please send them or copies of them to me at my home, "Nieuw Veere," Old Greenwich, Connecticut. I will take great care of them and return them all as soon as possible to the owners. HELEN VAN LOON

Old Greenwich, Conn.

Republican Misrepresentation

SIR: Now is the time, while memory is fresh and its failure evident, to condemn in strong terms the persistent practice of conscious misrepresentation followed by the Republican management in the campaign just ended. To a disgraceful degree, the participants accepted the degrading argument of "Mein Kampf" that the bigger the lie, the better the results. They not only knowingly misrepresented the facts, they persisted in repetition after the falsity had been exposed and they repeated the offense in many cases.

Such a campaign of misrepresentation is a wanton insult to American intelligence and if not severely rebuked may result in a further degradation of American politics. And it is not only the management that is to be blamed; Governor Dewey is personally involved in the scandal, as is also Representative Clare Boothe Luce.

New York City WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

[Dr. Kilpatrick is Professor Emeritus of the Philosophy of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and a widely known authority in the educational field. – THE EDITORS]

A Collection of Hart Crane's Prose

SIR: I am editing a selection of Hart Crane's prose writings for publication in Twice a Year. Crane's poetry speaks excellently for him. It is felt that his prose is also important toward understanding the poet. I would be most grateful for the receipt of unpublished letters, articles, sketches, etc., sent to me, c/o Twice A Year, 509 Madison Avenue, New York City 22, N. Y. Originals and copies will be carefully handled, acknowledged and returned.

Brooklyn, N. Y. BROM WEBER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

In The New Republic of September 4 appeared a letter from Sidney Blackstone of Chicago, commenting on the problem of the five million people in the United States who are hard of hearing. Mr. Blackstone said that these persons are bewildered by conflicting claims of manufacturers of hearing apparatus, and that in most cases several types of hearing aids should be tested under various conditions to find which is best for the individual. He thinks the prices of some aids are excessive, and deplores the fact that physicians who care for the deafened are forbidden to sell aids to their patients.

Raymond H. Greenman, managing director of the American Society for the Hard of Hearing, Washington, D. C., writes to take sharp issue with Mr. Blackstone. He says there is no evidence that the hard of hearing are bewildered. The 118 local chapters of the Society were used by 100,000 persons last year and the universal practice is to refer these individuals to an otolaryngologist for diagnosis. Mr. Greenman believes the spread in the prices of hearing instruments is not unjustified in view of the service given. He says the manufacturers of these devices have an association and that "splendid progress has been made during the past few years in the development of good trade practices."

Mr. Blackstone, to whom Mr. Greenman's criticisms were shown, says he recognizes the excellent work done by the American Society for the Hard of Hearing. He feels, however, that many of the deaf are not reached by the Society. He says that while advertising of acoustical devices in national periodicals is usually excellent, that done locally is often very bad. He repeats his demand that the gulf between the physician and the firm selling hearing appliances should be decreased.

We have received two replies to "Westerner's" protest [The New Republic, November 6] against his impolite treatment at the hands of New York City public servants. "Easterner" writes from Great Neck, New York, that a Canadian relative of his found New York policemen, subway employees, waiters and doormen invariably courteous and cheerful. "Easterner" suggests that "Westerner" may have found New York impolite because he came believing the myth of the city's coldness and rudeness, and hence found what he was looking for. Another New Yorker suggests that "Westerner" has been unfortunate in the persons with whom he came into contact; this reader says that in a dozen years in the city he has never received treatment which seemed less considerate than it was reasonable to expect.

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Books in Review

Peace and Foreign Policy

MR. WARBURG'S BOOK[1] arrives in the wake of electoral victories to temper our enthusiasm with the reminder that there is more to a positive and democratic foreign policy than membership in an international organization. We shall be tempted to forget this simple truth in coming months, when liberal energies will largely be diverted to a defense of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals against the massed assault of perfectionists, nationalists and Republican bitter-enders, the latter having already threatened to gang up on the President with truly "bipartisan" fervor. The temptation will be reinforced by the fact that our major allies in this engagement are conservative internationalists who are concerned with American participation in the mechanics of world organization but are for the most part insensitive to the ideological springs and consequences of our foreign policy.

Mr. Warburg enters here with a simple, comprehensive account of that policy during the last three decades and with an impressive accumulation of evidence that our conduct abroad is conditioned by domestic tensions and programs. Particularly telling is his analysis of the manner in which the economics of Republican normalcy contributed to the anarchy of the inter-war years. We are given a refresher course—elementary if you will—in the uneven progress of the two wars: the military war against aggressor states and the political war against fascism. Mr. Warburg concludes with a review of the "prospects for peace" after victory in both wars. Such a peace, he emphasizes, depends primarily on an agreement between Russia and the Western powers extending beyond the formal alliance envisaged by the Dumbarton Oaks plan to progressive solutions of such vexatious problems as are posed by Germany and by the imperialism of the victors.

"The Second Chance"[2] is a discussion of America and the peace by seven members of the Princeton Group for the Study of Postwar International Problems. There are two essays on world organization, one by Gerhart Niemeyer stressing the primary role of the Big Three, the other by John B. Whitton analyzing the basic principles and organs of a more highly developed constitutional system of world order. There are pieces on the failures of "last time," on our spiritual resources for assuming world responsibilities, on the economic conditions of peace. Edward S. Corwin contributes an admirable survey of the gradually diminishing role of the Senate in foreign relations and of the growing importance of executive agreements and agreements approved by majorities of both Houses as alternatives to Senate ratification. Jerome S. Bruner, in an essay, "Public Opinion and the Peace," cites the evidence of numerous polls to demonstrate how capricious and mutually contradictory are the opinions held by the American people on foreign affairs. His conclusion that they are "sorely in need of information" suggests that the electoral mandate they give in this field is dangerously vague.

One possible future consequence of this tenuous mandate is evident from a plunge into the turbulent journalese of George Weller. In this overstuffed bore of a book,[1] The Chicago Daily News's war correspondent argues for a worldwide American system of "centripetal" or "containing" bases, a system which "will simply be that of the British Empire transferred into younger and stronger hands." Mr. Weller reads, with due stylistic allowances, like a composite of Patterson and McCormick editorials, only worse. We must establish, he says, forty bases on the periphery of Europe (one base for every division we have placed on the continent). Another arc of bases must contain Japan. Mr. Weller's world is devoid of meaning; he does not mention fascism once. Nor does he speak of the aspirations of peoples. This author of "Singapore Is Silent" has not learned the lesson of Singapore; he assumes that we can succeed where Britain failed; that we can unilaterally violate the sovereignties of nations all over the world by grabbing sites for airstrips and harbors—by agreements if possible, if not, by force. This will give meaning, he says, to present sacrifice. It will also result, of course, in antagonizing humanity and in saddling the United States with a military dictatorship. Politics to Mr. Weller is merely a meaningless game of strategy and tactics, played by headless and heartless geopoliticians. His "trusteeship" would result in our spending the rest of the century trying to prevent the last (this) war. Weller should read Warburg.

Two notes: "The Battle Against Isolation"[2] is not, as it claims to be, "a study of America from 1939 to Pearl Harbor." It is a history of William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies and of the Fight for Freedom Committee; a history in which Clark Eichelberger calling a meeting looms larger than the fall of France. Mr. Johnson's simple isolationism-internationalism equation will not solve our problems in the years ahead.

You will be disappointed if you pick up "Our Jungle Diplomacy"[3] because of the title's promise. It is the moderately pleasant memory-book of Mr. Sands, who was a diplomatic trouble-shooter in Central America and Mexico during the first decade of this century. The author pauses occasionally to deplore State Department inefficiency and the Mexican revolution. He has some kind words for *sinarquismo*. Efficiency won't save us either.

RICHARD N. KELLY

1 **Foreign Policy Begins at Home**, by James P. Warburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 308 pages. $2.50.

2 **The Second Chance: America and the Peace**, edited by John B. Whitton. Princeton: The Princeton University Press. 235 pages. $2.50.

1 **Bases Overseas: An American Trusteeship in Power**, by George Weller. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 434 pages. $3.50.

2 **The Battle Against Isolation**, by Walter Johnson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 270 pages. $3.

3 **Our Jungle Diplomacy**, by William Franklin Sands. In collaboration with Joseph M. Lalley. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 250 pages. $2.50.

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Fourteen Negro Voices

What the Negro Wants, edited by Rayford W. Logan. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 375 pages. $3.50.

PICKING UP a book of essays by various authors with a title so timely and provocative as "What the Negro Wants," the average intelligent reader is likely to ask who the writers are and by what warrant they purpose to speak for thirteen million people. The validity of such a work is judged by the authority of the writers, and, unfortunately, authority in this sense is itself not susceptible of absolute standards of measurement. There are those who will accept as gospel anything a popular hero, or a demagogue, or a very rich man, or a movie star, or a famous or infamous personage says on any subject at any time. Getting down to specific and applicable cases, when Booker Washington was the most famous Negro in America, his every public statement was taken as the expressed sentiment of all his race. Latterly Joe Louis, who lays no claim to the omniscience with which Booker Washington sometimes seemed endued, has often been taken as the voice of race sanction. This is not to say that "What the Negro Wants" should have been written by ghosts for Joe Louis, Lena Horne, Cab Calloway and Bojangles Robinson—the book does not lack validity—but on the other hand, it must be remembered that it too frequently happens that the great authorities in any field, people of expert and intimate knowledge and mature judgment, are scarcely known and seldom heard except in the closed circles of their peers.

All this by way of warning; for of the fourteen essayists who in this book speak for the Negro, only four are well known outside the field of their authority, that is, outside the Negro race. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is famous. Langston Hughes is at least nearly so. A. Philip Randolph and Mary McLeod Bethune are widely known. Other contributors range from Rayford Logan, a history scholar, to Roy Wilkins, the editor of The Crisis. Represented here are Sterling Brown, a distinguished poet and teacher, F. D. Patterson, principal of Tuskegee, Charles Wesley, president of Wilberforce University, George Schuyler, a writer and journalist, and others. But let no one be fooled if these names are unfamiliar (some of them will have larger credit some day) and let no one underrate the job done by the men who bear them. They speak with authority. Ask any expert—and any expert would be any literate Negro. Indeed, the validity of this book is derived from the indisputable fact that the editor might have chosen fourteen other contributors and achieved the same general result.

What does the Negro want? The question, muttered irritably in some places, mouthed genially in others, is asked time and again. But the answer is always simple and sincere. In shortest terms, the Negro wants everything. He wants "full equality," a phrase which most of the contributors break down into the specifics of political, economic and social equality. He wants these things, this everything, because, as F. D. Patterson says, "having no ideology other than that of democracy, [he] cannot consistently behave in any pattern except" the pattern of democracy. He wants these things because he is an American and because this

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wanting, to quote Mary McLeod Bethune, "is the logical climax of American education."

Why the Negro should have full equality is not so plainly put into words. The words tend to run off into the metaphysical, but everyone can understand them. The Negro should have this full equality because the morality of democracy demands it.

How this morality is to be fulfilled seems to depend upon one's concept of legitimate forces. "There have been consistent approaches to social goals sought by American Negroes in order to secure what they want. Paths along which they have traveled have varied," says Charles Wesley, and he proceeds to trace these paths. If one is a labor organizer, as is Willard Townsend, one believes in the organization of labor as a means to this end. If one heads a pressure group, as does A. Philip Randolph, one believes in pressure tactics. If one is an educator, as are DuBois, Hill, Bethune and Patterson, one believes in the tool of education. That the morality of democracy will be fulfilled, none of the essayists seems to doubt; and none of them doubts either that fulfilment will come only when white and black in America coöperate.

There is one other thing that is significant: the publisher's introduction. The book was issued with ill grace, but apparently with a determination to show how liberal the publisher is. One wonders whether the editor and the contributors saw the publisher's introduction before the book went to press.

J. SAUNDERS REDDING

GBS in Extremis

Everybody's Political What's What? by Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 388 pages. $3.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO, in "Fanny's First Play," Bernard Shaw, then 55, made one of his characters remark that "all that the young can do for the old [is] to shock them and keep them up to date." Today, at 88, he might well, so far as he is concerned, repeat that dictum in reverse.

Because "Everybody's Political What's What?" is largely personal, the most natural place for it is beside the bed. The best way to read it is to turn first to the Contents, from which the reader may choose according to his interests what its author has to say on some forty of the most controversial subjects of our day. The reviewer, not unnaturally, dashes to a chapter devoted to his own precarious calling. There, with a strong desire to stroke the immortal beard before it's too late, he finds himself being reminded that "whether a reviewer can afford to read the book he is reviewing depends on how much he will be paid. . . ." This, followed by a 20-page summary telling him just what the 366-page book is all about, makes him feel (as, of course, he is meant to) that the least he can do by way of showing gratitude is to rise to the surface, open his mouth and slowly swallow the whole works, hook, line and sinker.

Let the reader be strongly advised against any such approach to "What's What?" Before he has begun gargling even with the hook, he will have been caught, and —wriggling, gasping, giggling—drawn up on to the wily old wrangler's rod of repetitions and inconsistencies. Let him instead turn to the book's Index (most thoughtfully compiled by a certain Mr. F. W. Cudlip). From it he will the more quickly be able to learn, by snatching up the shavings from the old man's table, what Shaw has to say, in one mood or many, about himself and humanity. He will discover at a glance that GBS considers himself "the fruit of an unsuitable marriage"; that like his admired fellow countryman Goldsmith, he was infected at an early age with smallpox (which event, of course, reduced "vaccination to an absurdity"); that like another Irishman (born, it is interesting to recall, in the same year in the same city as the author), he was soon declaring his genius, not to a customs official, but at the dinner table to Anatole France, who replied: "Ah well: a whore has the right to call herself a pleasure merchant." He will also learn that Shaw once led the singing at a vast Salvation Army meeting in the Albert Hall ("there is no greater fun than community singing"); that in his time he has shirked jury service, canonization, religion; and finally, to some perhaps the most fanciful fact of all, that he professes himself a democrat.

Now Shaw's democracy, of course, is not quite the same as the one we hear so much about. To illustrate what he finds chiefly amiss with ours, he tells us about one of his grandfathers who was a "born" carpenter, but because he was also born a country gentleman, he went huntin', shootin', fishin' (in his self-made boat), and his carpentering went to pot—or, to be more precise, the results of it went to himself and not to humanity; all of which goes to show that Grandfather Shaw—not because he could perform miracles as a carpenter, but because he suffered from "the effect of social pressure" in a nonsensically organized society—was "a square peg in a round hole." In his grandson's society, on the other hand, which Shaw would have governed by his book's hero, The Statesman, Grandpop "would have had a useful and prosperous career as a craftsman."

To realize that society, claims Shaw, his Statesman's first and most important job would be to have us all classified into groups according to our professions and to the degree of our abilities in them. He then proceeds to tell us, over and over and at great length, with his customary wit and in a prose of unrivaled lucidity, how incredibly difficult this all-important process of classification would be. He admits that he himself, of all difficult people to classify, would be the most difficult of all; that when critics attempt to do so: "I smile. I fit into none of their pigeonholes." Halfway through the book, by which time our hero should have been in his grave from overwork (at one point, indeed, he is called upon "to do the work of God, with nothing to help him except his knowledge, his ability and his conscience"), the reader begins to suspect that his great problem is hopelessly insoluble. But no. His creator would hardly be GBS if that were so. How, then, is he going to solve it? It's as simple as this:

> The statesman . . . must regulate the lives of the people on the assumption that for certain purposes, and up to a certain point for all purposes, women are all alike and men are all alike, though in fact none of them are quite alike. He must draw lines between the classifications, and persecute or kill people on one

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side of the line and encourage and promote those on the other. And when he comes to the artist classification he, seeing the artists are the most effective propagandists, must make up his mind as to what doctrines to forbid and what to tolerate.

Well, "That's That!" About all we can say of it as a doctrine is that a certain Mr. Hitler once started out in life as a certain kind of artist, and that he sure made up his certain mind. . . . We might add that if today it doesn't shock the young, it should—even though they may find it a trifle out of date. JAMES STERN

Morality and Nature

Naturalism and the Human Spirit, edited by Yervant H. Krikorian. New York: Columbia University Press. 397 pages. $4.50.

THIS COLLECTION of essays, as is clear from its title, makes an attempt to draw upon fresh resources to defend naturalism against the criticism that has pursued it, in one way or another, throughout its career. Critics have traditionally contended that naturalism does violence to the specifically human and immediate aspects of philosophical subject matter. This has been due largely to a misapprehension of the nature of science and a false identification of naturalism with reductive materialism—an error that naturalists have occasionally shared with their opponents. But the impulse behind such criticism is sound, for "the human spirit" has, after all, been the final test of even the most technical philosophies; it is also the perpetually fresh datum and starting point, for its complexity allows the greatest variety of definition and the widest range of relevance. I believe that naturalism, as a philosophic attitude, can claim the most intimate and the most valid access to human concern with reality. But it has its weaknesses—the weaknesses of any extended and complex position—some of which are examined, and the rest exhibited, in this book.

Inevitably, naturalism holds central place in modern thought. As a central position, it is open to attack from two major directions: from within nature and from without. I should prefer to ignore the supernaturalist, or extranaturalist, attack. On paper, it is a battle well won; and while its contemporary revival is to be taken seriously, there remain equally serious and important controversies within naturalism proper.

Here the issue is science. In her essay on "Naturalism and the Sociological Analysis of Knowledge," Thelma Z. Lavine defines naturalism in terms of the continuity of analysis. This is a strictly scientific postulate; its extension to philosophy introduces the methods of inference and the insistence upon empirical evidence that are to be found in science. I see nothing to quarrel with here. Controversy, however, arises when scientific methods are used not only as means for examining philosophical problems, but also as constitutive criteria. Thus, verifiability as a criterion of meaning, characteristic of scientific empiricism, neatly disposes of all philosophy, naturalism included. None of the contributors to this volume examines these implications of scientific method. The articles most strongly influenced by this approach (among them, Abraham Edel's "Naturalism and Ethical Theory" and Ernst Nagel's "Logic without

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Ontology") treat specific problems, germane to naturalism, but by no means crucial to its existence as a philosophy claiming intimacy with "the human spirit."

It would not be incorrect to conclude that one attack upon naturalism comes from science itself, for criticism of all other philosophy develops as a result of the more abstract means of expression which philosophy of science obtains. Another type of criticism derives from art, from the direction of concreteness. In one sense, of course, the theory of art, as in Eliseo Vivas' article, "A Natural History of the Esthetic Transaction," follows the principle of the continuity of analysis and belongs, with physics, biology, or any other discipline, to the general assembly of correlated inquiries which represent our knowledge of the modern world. But "the human spirit" engages in other than scientific activities, some of which, from the standpoint of philosophy, are hopelessly concrete and have to do directly with the surface and the qualities of things. No philosophy, not even naturalism, can embrace the whole of nature.

As it stands, this is a truism and not a critique. But there is an area between the hopelessly abstract and the hopelessly concrete which can be dealt with philosophically; and it is here that this volume fails. Ethical theory, I believe, holds this intermediate position. The development of ethical theory proceeds empirically, through observation and comparative studies, and draws upon logical analysis to impose systematic consistency on value judgments; thus far it is scientific. But it also goes a step further, requiring derivation and selection of values, decisions concerning fundamental choices and evaluations of choices that have been made. It constructs morality as well as the theory of morality. This is, in short, a moral as well as a scientific activity. If it is not the scientist's business to make such decisions, it is still someone's business—primarily, I should think, that of the naturalist philosopher, for his philosophy, in its intimate acquaintance with varieties of value, offers the very best qualifications for moralizing.

Both John Dewey and Abraham Edel, who touch upon moral problems in this book, offer no more than the general assurance that when moral decisions are made, naturalism will provide the relevant techniques and the proper intellectual orientation. But this takes humaneness and liberalism for granted in every extension of scientific method. Naturalism must make its own decisions, provide the moral substance along with the methodology, for otherwise it remains open to all comers, appropriate to all uses, good as well as evil, an instrument whose other handle, no matter how firmly we grasp our own, lies within reach of the enemy.

This is not to say that there is an inherent evil in the abstractness of theory, or that an instrument that can serve many ends must be condemned. But there is a tendency for methodological thought to become self-sustaining and to absorb all subject matter. Naturalists here face the temptation to desert nature—a shift from light to lens-grinding. The claim that we thereby avoid dogmatism is gratuitous, for we make no commitment as to the uses of method and present none of its results.

That it has chosen to conduct its struggle against dogmatism in morals on a higher plane, once removed, makes me think that naturalism must be constructed with ethics as its base. Its present shyness and hesitation are easily understood. Not only would a definitive morality constitute the test of naturalism and measure its final success in establishing truth while overthrowing dogma, but it would increase the pull of the concrete. Methodology becomes a preservative, a substitute for Platonic form, fixing for all time the physiognomy of unborn doctrine, the shape of a concrete commitment. The commitment itself dissolves philosophy into human requirement. But this has always been the fate of philosophy—as naturalism in its other aspects has so clearly shown.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Viva Mexico

Timeless Mexico, by Hudson Strode. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 555 pages. $3.50.

I HAVE BEEN to Mexico but three times and Mr. Strode, the author of this absorbing volume on that country, has had only ten years of reading and local travel concerning its impact and truth. We are both therefore at a disadvantage as compared with such reviewers and historians as have never been in Mexico at all or concerned themselves with the languages, dialects, customs and visual ceremonies with which such neighbor regions have seen fit to express themselves. But there they lie, the poor things—a belly, according to the Bible, like a sheaf of wheat set about with lilies—and we must do all the thinking we can while the subject is ours and ere the shadows come again.

This book of Mr. Strode's is politely aggressive; it is genuinely bold and right in tone. It creates history that has already become a matter of things timeless and to be perpetually considered. As a statistical account it seems to me accurate, generous and just. As a human account it seems to me blessed with the imagination and the heart, touched with sweet recognition. It is shrewdly—even harshly when necessary—understanding, graciously charitable, and neither obtuse to the inner fluctuations of man's history nor to the blind rhythms of man's vision.

The first ambassador sent from the mother country to independent Mexico had a Scottish wife of parts; and her letters to her sister in Scotland, around 1840, still seem to me the most remarkable writing on this whole Mexican field (I have myself bought six first editions for friends interested, if that means anything). Mr. Strode begins his account many generations before Madame Calderón de la Barca's—with Cortez's expeditions in fact. If his accounts of this initial period seem long in proportion to the sum of history conveyed in the volume, it is not to be set down as a defeat. Mr. Strode in this account of Montezuma and the whole Spanish invasion is establishing with great skill the undercurrents that have more or less persisted in Mexican life, politics and revolutionary, partially racial, thought ever since. From this beginning record the book proceeds along the raw and heady road of Mexico's history, usually in terms of personalities, with an astonishingly competent, self-effacing and dramatic persuasion. The struggle of the Indian with the Spanish is never allowed to flag. The great estates, the partition of the land among those who tilled it, the organization of industrial workers, all such phases of Mexican history are handled with a quiet courage on the historian's part, well buttressed with the

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author's contacts and first-hand information among Mexican leaders, presidents, generals, scholars and what not.

Mr. Strode is clearly but not tediously concerned with the unattractive role that American and English capital have played in Mexico. He does his Madero and Carranza and Obregón very well, and sends Cárdenas high on a singing road of courage and patriotic initiative. In the long avenues of history it may be best for the historian thus not to get excited, not to be amateur reformer hot, not to be too egoistic in Zion. You do not have to read between the lines to see where Mr. Strode's perceptions and hopes lie. But he is too intelligent to settle the future moves, and too intuitive and sensitive to correct the impulses and characteristics of a remarkable country. The same instinctive grace and good sense appeared in his books on Finland and Bermuda, though the present volume is a most decided forward step. "Timeless Mexico" is one of the three or four best books I know on the subject.

STARK YOUNG

A Reader's List

WRITERS' CONGRESS: The Proceedings of the Conference Held in October, 1943, under the Sponsorship of the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization and the University of California (California, $5). Meeting to map a plan of action for writers' support of the war effort, the conference dealt especially with the role of the radio, motion pictures, music and publicity in the prosecution of the war. A series of panel discussions on the sociological and psychological approaches to writers' wartime problems, such as propaganda trends, is included, as well as a section devoted to writers in exile, which contains contributions from Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger and others.

A SHORTER HISTORY OF SCIENCE, by Sir William Cecil Dampier (Macmillan, $2). A rapid sketch of the history of science, which sensibly devotes most of its space to the present and the recent past. A good introduction for those who want a quick survey of astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, which, however, rather overstresses the achievements of British scientists as against those of other countries.

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THE PRINTING TRADES, by Jacob Loft (Farrar and Rinehart, $3). The third volume in the "Labor in Twentieth Century America" series cannot be recommended for the general reader. Even the specialist may find it somewhat difficult, because of the author's decision to rely heavily on census and other statistical data in giving the background of the story of labor in the printing trades as well as in telling the story itself. As a result of this decision, the human problems involved are barely visible. Also, as a result of the preoccupation with statistical details, there is inadequate treatment of several subjects which might be of considerable current interest, such as: the impact of technological developments on the industry and the way they were met; the shift from one union covering the entire industry to a group of unions organized on a craft basis; and the struggle between the open-shop and the union-shop employers for control of the United Typothetae. Students of labor problems will, however, find some of Mr. Loft's material of interest.

ERNEST DOWSON, by Mark Longaker (Pennsylvania, $4). Contemporary memory of Ernest Dowson hinges largely on his Cynara poem ("I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion"), vibrates slightly at the tragic downfall and death (for love of a restaurant owner's daughter) of a very poetical young poet of the yellowed nineties. Mr. Longaker has carefully researched all available Dowson material, breathed with relief at the short life-span and shorter biographical output, and repetitiously juxtaposed cross-references until any of Dowson's social aberrations are whitewashed, any aura of romance in his life distorted, any interest in his work ignored. From an assortment of literary eccentrics, including Wilde, Lionel Johnson, Yeats and Beardsley, enough color has been extracted to write hundreds of memoirs and fictionalized "life-stories"; but the meetings of the Rhymers' Club or the politics behind the publication of The Savoy (successor to The Yellow Book) have tempted Mr. Longaker in no wise. Nor has he, dismissing all surface attractions of the period, even bothered to read critically what Dowson actually *wrote* and present, from the works, an analytical estimate of his subject.

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan, $2.75). This third volume of Miss Stern's memoirs intermingles a strong dose of "heads-up" British courage with entertaining erudition and capricious opinion. Writing easily and repetitiously, Miss Stern floats before the reader assorted stories of the wondrous dignity of Persian cats, proprietorship of favorite window vistas, and far-fetched coincidences between a newly discovered Tunisian decoration given her great-grandfather and the invasion of North Africa. Her raptures about the state of the Egg in wartime England and about "unsolicited [food] gifts" from Alfred and Lynn in America calculatingly offset an arbitrary and amusing series of individual preferences (in painting, for example, da Vinci and Utrillo). Always hyper-personal, "Trumpet Voluntary" reads like an egotistical, commonplace book, absorbed with pleasant sensations and memories, rambling with small-talk and odd facts, typical of all the charm and consequent limitations of the polite English lady authoress.

Contributors

JAMES LOEB JR. is the executive secretary of the Union for Democratic Action.

A. G. MEZERIK, industrial consultant and social historian, has recently traveled all over the United States, covering about 20,000 miles, to study the problem of reconverting industry from wartime to peacetime production.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN, AIA, is an architect in New York City who is well known for his industrial and commercial buildings.

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JAMES STERN is the author of two collections of stories, "The Heartless Land" and "Something Wrong." His work has appeared in Harper's magazine, Harper's Bazaar and Esquire, and he has recently revised the translation of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (with an introduction by Padraic Colum) which has just been published by Pantheon Books.

ISAAC ROSENFELD'S novel, "Through a Glass Darkly," is to be published in the spring by Dial Press.

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